

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1871.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Annum in advance.
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 74.

A PARODY

BY LOU.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where dandies come no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
With fresher, greener sod,
Where coats were never seen,
And boots have never trod?
The loud winds blew more soft and low,
And gently murmured, "Maiden, no."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me roll,
Know'st thou some favored spot
Beyond a man's control,
Where weary girls may find
The bliss for which they sigh?
Where lovers never cease,
And beams are never high?
The waves a moment ceased to flow,
And in their sorrow, whispered, "No."

And thou, oh gentle moon,
Though marred by man's grim face,
Which look'st upon the earth,
By lovely women graced,
Tell me—if in thy round
Some spot thou dost not know,
Where whiskers are not found,
And a mustache will not grow?
The face within the moon was hid,
And moon sighed, "No—but wish I did."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From dandies, fops and death,
Where we poor girls can find
A happy, quiet home,
To eat and drink in peace,
And boys shall never come?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to girls e'er
given,
Made earth resound with joyful shout—"Oh, yes,
in heaven."

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

It was a terrible fire which gleamed from Black Phil's eyes, and a fearful scowl which darkened his brow, as he strode toward the woman, who now as if driven to desperation boldly confronted him. His large fingers gripped the handle of his knife so hard, that the hot blood on the surface was forced away, leaving them cold and unnaturally white.

But he paused ere he reached her, though the stern, wicked look did not pass from his face.

"You brave me, Nancy Hurd!" he muttered, between his teeth, "and you threaten my life, and you also threaten Bessie Raynor's life. You had better not been born, woman, than to have spoken the words you have just uttered! We have lived together long enough; the time has come when we must separate forever!"

As he spoke, he raised his knife aloft, and, by a sudden spring, darted toward her. The woman stooped and slipped away toward the other corner of the room.

"Phil! Walshe! Black Phil! are you crazy! Stand back, I say, or you'll come to grief! Stand—"

But the man sprung after her.

"No, Nancy! to-night we separate; and, for a change, you'll sleep in the Merrimac!" he hoarsely interrupted her. "But if you can handle a knife better than I can, do it; for now you have need!"

In an instant, unheeding the threatening attitude which the woman had assumed, he was before her—his left hand grasping out toward her neck.

At that moment, from the opposite direction, a knife blade raised high in the air, twinkled in the light. The blade, with a whirr and a whiz, descended.

A deep, smothered cry of rage broke from Black Phil's lips, as he recoiled backward and clasped his arms tightly. One look, however, at the wounded limb satisfied him. It was a mere scratch—the knife having cut its way simply through the skin.

With a single effort he hurled her to the floor, and still grasping her by the throat, he raised his dirk menacingly above her.

Madly the strong woman struggled to free herself. She succeeded, by a powerful effort, in tearing his grasp away, and gasped:

"Oh! for pity's sake, spare me, Phil! I am not ready to die! I can not die now! Spare me, and I'll be your slave! I'll work on my knees for you and Bessie Raynor! Oh! spare—"

"Enough! You waste your breath, woman! The time has come; you die to-night—this hour, this minute, if there is virtue in cold steel!"

With these brutal words he clutched his knife afresh, and, without hesitating, drove it down.

But that knife was arrested, and in a singular manner—a providential manner.

A vivid, blinding flash glittered into the room, through the open window, lighting up the apartment in every nook and corner. The electric spark leaped to the highly-tem-



"He—he is dead!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she bent her face over to his, and gazed at his rigid, marble-like features.

pered blade, in Black Phil's hand, and darted into the man's system.

But the metal blade absorbed the greater portion of the charge, and as the handle was porous and a bad conductor, the man's life was saved.

Yet he staggered to his feet, blinded and stunned, and reeling for a moment, fell heavily backward.

The bright blade of the dirk was melted down to the handle.

In an instant, after recovering from the shock, which she too had experienced, Nancy sprung to her feet. Groping around in the darkness, she found and relit the lamp, which had been extinguished. Then she hurriedly thrust the window-shut down, and turned toward the man, whom she loved and honored as her husband.

In a moment she was by his side, leaning over him. She tenderly chafed his temples, and rubbed his hands. Then she knelt down and drew him to her bosom, as if to force back into his motionless figure, life and vigor.

"Oh! Phil! Phil!" she cried, "wake up and say that you live, that you are mine yet! Oh! Phil! I forgive you—I know that you were drunk and knew not what you were doing! Oh! God! can it be? He—he is dead!" she suddenly exclaimed, as she bent her face over to his, and gazed at his rigid, marble-like features.

She sprung to her feet and rushed from the room. In a moment she returned, bringing a bucket of water. Unhesitatingly she flung it in the face and on the head of the unconscious man.

The effect was magical.

A sudden violent tremor shook Black Phil's brawny frame; in an instant a flash of color leaped into his dark face; the stalwart limbs contracted, and, all at once, the man sat up and rubbed his legs.

Nancy Hurd uttered a cry of joy; for, beast as she almost was, she loved this fellow with her whole heart. Then she sunk by his side and threw her arms around his neck.

At first the man was inclined to repel her; for, in a moment, he had remembered every thing, and the same brutish look came to his face. But as he glanced before him, and saw the melted dagger-blade on the floor, a shudder swept over him. A scared, yet a softer look, came to his face.

"'Twas a close shave! And you, Nancy, are a good old girl to me, after all."

As he spoke, he slowly disengaged the woman's arms from his neck and arose.

"Ha! so late? and he not here?" he exclaimed, as he again glanced toward the clock. "I must see him," he continued, in a low mutter to himself. "I want to get away from these parts, and I'll go after him to-night. I am afraid to stay down here in this thunder-storm. Nancy," he spoke aloud, "I am going out."

"Going out? and what for, Phil?"

"To attend to business, which is—my own," was the curt reply.

"Business! Yes, and I'll be bound, with old Arthur Ames! 'Tis a strange matter to me, Phil, that one so low in society as you, could have such a visitor, and could visit such a rich gentleman as Arthur Ames, the banker."

The woman peered curiously at him, as she uttered these words in a low, distinct voice.

The man started slightly; but, as a hoarse, half-triumphant laugh broke from his lips, he answered:

"This may be strange to you, Nancy; perhaps it is not to me. But hark you, my old girl! and he lowered his voice and spoke sternly, as an anxious frown blackened his dark face, "whenever Arthur Ames comes here, and is with me in this room, it would be wisdom in you to keep your ear from the key-hole there, and as far away as possible."

"I understand you, Phil," replied the woman, promptly.

"Now, I am going. I'll be back some time before day. If Arthur Ames comes after I am gone, tell him I waited for him, and that I have gone to hunt him up. He'll understand."

He turned abruptly, and striding toward the door, at the further end of the cabin, opened it, and strode out into the dark night.

Nancy Hurd did not move for several moments after Black Phil had gone. She stood gazing at the door through which he had disappeared, gazing at the melted knife-blade—the blade which had been raised against her life—and a dark frown gradually grew into her face.

"I love you, Phil Walshe," she muttered, in a low voice; "but I can hate, too! And—yes—I solemnly swear again, that before Bessie Raynor shall be your wife, I'll drive a knife into her heart! Ay! a thousand times will I do it! And you are hoarding money, are you? To run away and live with the pale-faced factory-girl! Never, so help me God! And you bleed old Ames? What can he be the hold you have on him? Shall I ever know it?"

Black Phil, creeping as far as possible from the river, was soon in the road. He hurried along rapidly. "Yes," he muttered, as he rapidly drew near the bridge, and as though a sudden thought had flashed over him, "it's all in my way. They say the old man is bad—paralyzed, or something like it. When he is out of the way I'll work for Bessie harder than ever. Whew! how dark it is! And how loud the dam is!"

He hurried on, reached the bridge, and crossed. He paused as, at last, he stood at the further terminus, and gazed for a moment around him. Then he turned abruptly, and hurried up the small dingy street,

on which, some squares away, stood the humble home of old Silas Raynor.

"I can go through by an alley to Essex, thence into Lawrence, and will lose nothing by getting a look at the pretty-faced, mild-eyed Bessie!"

The wind was rising moment by moment, and now it sang a wild, shrill cadence around the rickety roofs of the narrow way. Occasionally a broad, rapidly flashing sheet of lightning burned out from the black vault above, lighting up the little city of Lawrence as by a million gas lamps.

Suddenly he paused.

Before him, not twenty yards away, was the home of old Silas Raynor, the sea-captain.

A dim light was burning in a room on the ground-floor. That room opened into the little yard.

But Black Phil did not pause, because he was near the house where Bessie lived; nor was it because there was a dim light, in the ground-floor room.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE DEATH-CHAMBER.

BLACK PHIL had seen the form of a tall, stalwart man, and knew well enough whose it was.

"Curse him! What the deuce does he mean?" he muttered. "He is always in my way! Some day he'll get out of it, that's all!"

With these words he once more strode on. A few moments, and he paused before the alley-way leading into the side yard. He stopped only for a moment. Then he cautiously entered.

He was soon in the yard. He glanced around him. He could see nothing, nor could he hear any thing save the wind moaning and groaning loudly through the branches of the old tree above him. Then he drew near the window, from which the faint light flickered and flashed.

The window was up.

He fairly held his breath, as, at last, he stood by the low casement, and peered in.

He saw every thing. Bessie leaning over the bed, the old sailor, her father, lying upon it, talking to his child, the plain furniture, the few comforts—all.

At that moment another blinding flash came, and another rushing bolt rent the air. It was then that Bessie Raynor and her father instinctively turned their startled gaze toward the window, and saw the dark face there.

Black Phil fairly reeled under the concussion, and tottered away. He knew that he had been seen, for he heard the wild exclamation of terror break from Bessie's lips.

Scarcely had he set foot upon the pavement, before, suddenly in his way, arose a tall and threatening figure.

"Ah! you Phil Walshe! What are you

doing, prowling here at this time of night?" asked the sudden comer, in a deep, half-menacing voice, as he resolutely barred the other's way.

Black Phil's first movement was to thrust his hand into his bosom. But as a quick, vivid recollection flashed over him, he dropped his hand, at the same time clenching it.

"I have as much right here as you, Lorin Gray," he retorted. "But, as I don't mind telling my business, I'll just say I saw a light, and called by to see how the old captain was."

"Ah! A strange way to learn—listening at the window! The door is in the front of the house!"

"You are meddlesome, Lorin Gray," was the answer. "Dare step between me and any scheme of mine, and you'll hear from me in a manner which will surprise you—that's all!"

"I seek no quarrel with you, Phil," was the reply; "but I laugh at any threat from you. Let me tell you, however, that I have my eye upon you, and if you do not cease your persecutions of Bessie Raynor, I'll find the means to make you."

"And who made you her champion?" retorted the other. "I had thought, my fine fellow, that, though mill-man as you are, you dared lift your eyes to the banker's daughter—to Minerva Ames, and—"

"Enough, fellow!" fiercely interrupted the other, striding toward Black Phil. "Be off, and do not tempt me to lay my hands upon you."

"I am going, Lorin Gray; but not at your bidding—mark that! I see I've touched a tender spot! Ha! ha!" And Black Phil strode away.

Lorin Gray stood for a moment and gazed after him in the darkness.

"And does such a scoundrel as that taunt me? I, who was born for better things! Minerva Ames! Do I love her? Do I indeed dare lift my eyes to her? I shudder at the question. And yet she—But poor Bessie! Heaven guide me!"

Black Phil strode on. Reaching a small cross-street, he turned into it. In ten minutes he stood in Essex street. Then, again resuming his way, he drew near the banking-house of Arlington & Ames.

Scarcely had he entered the shadow of the building, when he paused; for, at that moment, the door of the private entrance suddenly opened, and a man came forth.

The light across the street shone over and lit up the pale, chagrined, distressed features of old Arthur Ames.

He started wildly as a hand from the gloom was suddenly stretched out and laid upon his shoulder.

"The very man I am looking for," said a voice.

"You—you, Black Phil! What do you want?" asked the banker, tremblingly.

"Did you get my note?" continued the other.

"Yes, yes, Phil; business has kept me late. Call on me to-morrow night, at ten o'clock. Now, I'll go."

"All right, Mr. Ames; and I'll be there. But let me tell you something which, for all I know, may be news to you."

As he spoke, he leaned over and whispered a few words in the other's ear.

Arthur Ames started wildly, though he strove to conceal his emotion.

With these words, Black Phil turned abruptly and walked away.

Arthur Ames, for a moment, stood musing. He had recovered from the shock which Phil's sudden appearance had occasioned, and now he bent his head in thought.

"Are all the fiends in torment opposed to me to-night? Caught in the act, bound to a man of iron will, by an infernal oath which I can not break—bound to him with a pledge which gives my daughter's hand to him! Disgraced in an hour! In an hour? Oh! no, no! That has come to me long ago. Dogged by Black Phil, haunted by shadows, I am almost crazy! Bessie! Bessie! And her old father tells tales to her! Would to Heaven she were, by any means soever, in my power! Then I could force her to listen to me. Ha! a bright thought! 'Tis not late. By Heaven! luck may be with me! I'll—"

Without finishing the sentence, he wheeled about, and, walking rapidly, disappeared in a moment up the street.

The storm-cloud was now beginning to sprinkle its heavy shower, and the wind was roaring and moaning like weary souls in unrest.

We will return to the home of Bessie Raynor—to the death-chamber of her father.

"Black Phil! Black Phil, my child?" and a dark frown came to the old man's brow.

"Yes, father; I saw him distinctly! Oh, Heaven! how I fear that man!" and she covered away, as if she would find seek protection even from her dying father.

"The fellow is a villain, Bessie. I have known it for many years. And he has a hankering after you, the scoundrel! Nay, tremble not so, my child. We have law and order here in Lawrence, and you have friends, who will see that you are protected. Lorin Gray will—"

"There, there, father!" interrupted the girl, quickly, though the thrill which passed over her frame was delicious. The blush, too, which mantled her cheek at the mention of Lorin Gray's name, was as red as the sunset sky.

"Do not speak of him, or of any one, now, father," she continued. "You said to me something to impart to me; you said, too, father, that your energies were wasting away. Had you not better speak of things more serious, and—"

"Those things are serious, my darling child, very serious to you. I know I am failing, failing fast, Bessie. But I must speak about this matter first; then the other."

He paused, and then bent his eyes toward the flask of rum.

Bessie understood him. She brought the vessel and placed it to his lips.

After taking a huge swallow, the old captain turned his face toward her, and began, speaking rapidly:

"You must beware of this man, Bessie, this Black Phil; and you must be warned of one greater than Black Phil—one more powerful and equally ready to harm you—Arthur Ames."

"Why, father!" and the girl shrunk back, though she did not say nay.

"You know, Bessie, Arthur Ames has paid you attentions, which you can not mistake. Do not interrupt me. You know all this, Bessie, despite the fact that you are barely seventeen, and Arthur Ames is nearly sixty. I tell you, my child, he warned of the man! He may mean no harm; yet, I tell you again, beware of him! I would rather see you dead than his wife! You, who are young enough to be his granddaughter. I thank God that, already, you hate him. Do not be led away or blinded by his riches, for—"

"Oh, father! I fairly—"

"Do not let the glitter of gold dazzle your eyes; do not let that crafty old man throw a net around you. Years ago, Bessie, there were dark tales about the money which Arthur Ames handles, about the gold which dresses him in broadcloth and spotless linen, which robes his proud daughter in silks and laces, which rolls him about in a gilded coach! But old Silas Raynor is not a tattler; he will not repeat that old-time tale. Perhaps it was idle. But, beware of Arthur Ames—beware of Black Phil! There is a dark link between the men. They are villains, if any are to be found! Yet, Bessie, and the old man's voice trembled as he cast his eyes earnestly, anxiously toward his daughter, "there is one who can be trusted, and unless all signs fail, one who truly loves you, my child—Lorin Gray."

The old man still kept his eyes bent upon the face of the girl.

"Lorin Gray, father! You dream!"

But the maiden's tingling face showed the pleasure which the father's words had awakened in her bosom.

"Dream! Not I! No, no, Bessie, I am seldom deceived. If Lorin Gray does not love my sweet little Bessie, then, for once, I'll own I've steered wild."

Bessie Raynor trembled; an exclamation had sprung to her lips, but she crushed it back. There was pain in it.

After a moment, when she did speak, there was a deepness of soul and an anguish of meaning in her low, scarcely audible tones.

"No, father. You are mistaken. Lorin loves the rich, the handsome, the fascinating Minerva Ames, and—"

"Then God help him or any other man who marries into that family! No, Bessie, I can not believe it. I have trusted him too much. Lorin Gray is too good, is too honest, to look away from you, and cast his eyes upon a woman so high above him in life—so far as money goes, you know. Simply because his strong arm held back the runaway horses to her carriage and saved her life, is no reason why Lorin Gray should love Minerva Ames, or seek her for a wife. My word for it, and I can see far ahead, there's a mistake in this report."

"You may be right, father; but, is not Lorin's strong arm and the deed it did reason enough that Minerva Ames should love him, and seek him for a husband?"

Bessie asked the question quietly; her tone was low and sad, as she turned her head away.

This was putting the matter in a new light—a strange light too.

Old Silas Raynor pondered; but, suddenly arousing himself, he said:

"You speak like a woman, Bessie, deeply and knowingly—yet, fearfully. But, hark you, my child, if you do not marry Lorin Gray, if you do not secure him, it will be your own fault! If you lose him you'll lose a prize. But, come, my child, time flies. To other matters; they will not take me long. Oh, my darling sailor-boy, my gallant Ralph! so far away! And I sent him away, Bessie, with such an outfit! Fifty dollars and an old sea-chest! Could I have not done more? No, no; I wanted to save the other for him, for Ross, for you, and—Ha!"

He stopped, and as a shudder passed over his frame, pointed with his left hand to the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KEY TO THE CHEST.

BESSIE RAYNOR looked. An outside lamp was flaring in the wind; it flung its broad flame of light through the window into the room. The rays sprayed over the floor.

In that faint, flashing reflection, lay a motionless, distorted shadow.

The girl started wildly and turned hastily toward the window.

But, the light faded out as the fickle gale scurried in another direction.

The ominous shadow was blotted out.

"Gone!" said the old man, in a low, startled whisper. "What could it have been? Was it a premonition of—of what is coming? It could not have been Black Phil; I know him and his dark form so much—so well, that even his shadow could not deceive me. Could it have been, indeed, a forerunner of—"

"Sh, sh! father!" interrupted Bessie, in a frightened whisper, though her own soul was quaking, and she did not believe the words she was speaking. "It was nothing—nothing but the limbs of the old tree out there. They are waving in the wind."

"Perhaps, perhaps, my child."

But the old man was not satisfied.

"Once more, Bessie, the liquor. I must have it, or my strength will go. Ha! the storm is coming up in earnest!" he exclaimed, as a spectral flash of lightning, and another quickly following, lit up the small room.

The girl again gave the rum-flask to her father, and waited for him to proceed.

This he did at once.

"You recollect, I said, Bessie, that I was able to take you out of the factory. I think I told the truth. Yet, for good reasons, I dared not take you and Ross out, yet awhile. I thought, too, it would all come out right in good time. But, I am cut down very suddenly, my child—too suddenly. 'Tis all one, however. . . . I wanted to talk to you, Bessie, to-night, about those matters; that is my reason for not wishing the kind neighbors to come in. You can tell my brave boy, Ralph, all about this when he comes back. Alas! . . . Listen, my child: there are some people in Lawrence who know that I am worth, in this world's chattels—something. Arthur Ames knows it, for from him I bought this house. It is mine. Start not, and I beg you, interrupt me not, for every minute is precious to me. This house is mine; and, though a humble one, it is worth a few hundred dollars. I have the deed which secures it to me, all safe; yet, it has not been recorded. People have thought, perhaps, that I was a tenant of Arthur Ames'. Well, 'tis all one to me. Again, my child: years ago—it must be twenty-five at least—when I was in port, from a whaling cruise, I met an agent for western lands. He was a gilt-tongued fellow, and, by constantly getting in my way, finally persuaded me to purchase some land. I bought the far-away acres simply to get rid of the fellow. I was flush with money, and didn't mind putting in five hundred dollars. I often regretted my bargain. But, not long since, I heard great news, if true, about this same land. The story went—I read it in a newspaper—that this western property, or some just in the same locality as mine, was now worth so much a foot, so much an inch, and that a great city was growing up there. I don't know if one-half of this is true. The land was up on Lake Michigan, in Illinois. To that property I've got the deed, too, made out regularly by old Squire Abbott, now dead these ten years. You can get some honest lawyer to glance at the papers, and tell you if you can hope for any thing in that direction."

"Again, my child: thirty years ago, when I was mate of the old brig Trade-winds, trafficking between Boston and the Mediterranean ports, our crew saved a Spanish merchantman from wreck. We received salvage. My share was twenty golden doubloons, or, in our money, about a hundred and fifty-four dollars. Now, for poor people, that is a good deal of money. Well, well; I was of a saving turn then; I had just married, and was compelled to save. What do you think I did with my Spanish gold? You couldn't guess. I buried it in the 'waste,' far below the spot where the machine-shops stand to-day. Lawrence then only had a few houses. It was neither country, town, nor city—just a few houses; my old father's was one of them. I buried my gold, deep under the ground, and marked the spot—marked it with a cross. Well, it has laid where I put it ever since. The city hasn't spread there yet. I thought I would let it lay, and— Good Heavens! what a flash!"

He paused in his recital, as another blinding sheet of lightning blazed into the room.

But he resumed:

"The deed to this house, Bessie, the deed also to the land in Illinois—bend low and listen well, my child—and the compass directions, for finding my buried gold, are sewed all together in a piece of tarred cloth, tight and secure, and the package inserted in the lining of an old pea-jacket. I put them there for safety. That old pea-jacket is stowed away in the blue sea-chest, which stands on the landing, at the head of the stairs. Nobody would think of looking for any thing valuable in it. Therein, is its safety. The key to the chest is in my pocket-book. Feel in my pocket, now, for it, Bessie, and take the key."

The girl did as directed. Her soul was filled with wonder. She soon drew out the old-fashioned pocket-book. Opening it, she searched for a moment in the folds.

At last, she held up a small iron key, and gazed at it.

At that instant a terrific burst of lightning glared, like an avalanche of fire, into the room. It was followed instantly by a fearful collapse of the air.

The very house shook to its foundation, and the rattling of sashes, and the crashing of glass added to the terror and confusion of the scene.

Old Silas turned, convulsively, over; he gasped but once.

Bessie was flung upon her face, and the little iron key flew, like a bolt, from her hand. But she staggered to her feet, and cast a rapid glance at the form of him who lay upon the bed—him so dear to her.

That glance was sufficient.

The rigid lips, the fallen jaw, the staring eye, told a tale. Bessie understood it.

The dark blue discoloration, like a contusion, covering the upper part of the face, told a tale too.

Silas Raynor had been killed by lightning.

With a loud, wailing cry, a cry of frenzy, coming from a torn and anguished heart, the orphan girl flung her hands to her head, and fell like lead to the floor.

Suddenly an old man, with disheveled hair, and a wild, startled expression of countenance, darted from the blackness without, through the open window, into the room. He paused not until he neared the staircase leading above. Here he stooped, and picked some small object from the floor.

Whatever it was, he placed it in his pocket. Then turning, he gave one triumphant look at the motionless form of the girl, and retreated rapidly through the window.

In a moment he was in the street.

Rain was now falling fast.

"By Heaven!" he muttered. "Luck has been with me! I've won! The key is mine, and soon shall all the rest be. Now, at last, Bessie Raynor, I have you in my power! You shall feel the biting tooth of poverty, and want and wretchedness! Then you will accept my hand, and—my money! My money! Yes! Mine! I swear it!"

Arthur Ames, the banker, was, indeed, a thief!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

Love-Blind:

OR,

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROVELL,
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BREAKER," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SACRIFICE.

WINNIE started at those suggestive words; her eyes fairly dilated with terror as she stopped suddenly still, and with her tongue cleaving to her mouth, essayed to speak.

"For Harry's sake!" why for his sake, Mr. Alvanley?

How she shivered for dread of the answer, as she still looked her lover in the eyes.

A look of gloom darkened Mr. Alvanley's face; he leaned forward in a mysteriously confidential way that of itself drove her half crazy.

"Had you no idea, poor child? did you not know that Mr. Gordeloup was seen coming out of Mr. Claverling's room about the hour of that fatal night when the deed must have been done?"

Oh! that low, insinuating voice! how Winnie wanted to crush it out, with its vile suspicions!

"Who saw him—who saw him?"

Her eager, trembling tones betrayed her anxiety even more than the rapidly repeated question.

"That I may not answer. Suffice it that a member of the household, whose word can be depended on, saw him; and, Winnie, every one of us who were present, observed and remarked his strange, uneasy deportment."

His eyes were growing merciless, his voice hard and rasping.

"And you want me to be your wife because—"

She couldn't bring herself to utter the words that had never yet passed her lips.

"I think you fully comprehend me, Winnie. I have the power to bring Harry Gordeloup to justice, or to have the affair left as it is now. You can save him; for your sake he can go free, instead of to a murderer's scaffold."

There came a piercing scream from Winnie as she put her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful specter.

"Oh, Mr. Alvanley, have mercy! have mercy! Remember he is a fellow-being, whose life is so precious to him—as much as yours or mine!"

"Do you also wish me to remember how you loved him, once upon a time?"

If it will suffice, remember how I love him still!"

She spoke almost defiantly, and Mr. Alvanley opened his eyes, in utter amazement, before he answered.

"What?"

"Yes, I do, as I never loved any one before, or ever will again!"

"Then I infer that you will do any thing in your power to save him?"

Her cheeks blanched again.

"I can not marry you—how can I, when I don't care for you?"

"Nonsense! I love you, and you will learn to love me, besides, you will have the consciousness of benefiting him."

Just then Miss Rothermel returned, and as she entered, fresh, cool, and calm, poor Winnie rushed hotly out.

The two exchanged significant glances.

"Well?" asked Lillian.

He shook his head, yet not altogether with the air of a man who meant what he indicated.

"I do not think you need be disappointed. I know she will not marry H—". She said it, to-day, to my surprise."

"Without knowing you had seen him come out of the room?"

"Yes—at least I suppose she did not know it. Why should she?"

"Very true. Lillian, will you have a servant show me my room? I am very dusty."

He went up-stairs, and caught a glimpse of Winnie at her door, that stood sufficiently ajar to admit of the passage of a letter a maid was giving her.

Then he went on to his own room, wondering who the letter was from.

And Winnie, locking her door, began by kissing the unconscious paper with such passionate kisses that you would have believed her capable of such emotion; then, when she had caressed it with a touching tenderness, she opened Harry Gordeloup's letter—for from him it was.

It began simply, "Winnie," but her

searching, impatient eyes, not content in reading the letter in a sensible way, glanced through and down; and the chance words, "love," "my own," "once again," "unworthy," "penitent," and the subscription, "yours till death, if it may but be," told the story.

Yes, from the depths of his humiliation and grief, Harry had written to her whom he had once loved, for balm to bind his broken heart was in her hands!

How she cried; fierce, sobbing grief it was, too, not more for the impotent love she bore him, than for the blood that stained his hands—the very hands that had penned those dear words.

Her whole soul went out in one great yearning for him; treacherous though he had been to her, much as she had borne for his sake.

But, it never could be; the nursing of the thought was simply awful; Harry had laid his heart at her feet again, little dreaming his very life was in her hands!

How ever could he have done that fearful deed? and she felt a fierce hatred for herself that she had seen him; but, she had seen him, and now she could kill him if she so willed!

For an hour she sat there, reading and re-reading his letter; then she hastily wrote an answer, not trusting herself for a second writing.

"HARRY—I can not be your wife, now or ever. If it is any comfort to you to know I love you, as well as ever I did, you are welcome to it. But I can not marry you. WINNIE."

She sealed it and directed it, and sent it off by the girl, fearful lest she should recall it.

Then she went down, dressed elaborately, for dinner.

Mr. Alvanley was leaning against the door-post.

She went up to him and laid her hand on his sleeve, looking full in his eyes with her deep, intense ones.

"I accept the sacrifice. To save Harry, I will marry you."

A quick gleam of joy irradiated his features.

"You never will regret it; he is sacredly safe, I swear to you, from this hour."

There were no kisses, no passionate glances of happy eyes; only a slight pressure of her little, slender hand, that he knew he could crush with his clasp.

And that was Winnie St. Cyr's betrothal! who loved so, who suffered so, and who endured so!

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO LETTERS.

THE same mail that carried Winnie St. Cyr's refusal to Harry Gordeloup, brought him a letter from Lillian Rothermel.

He was willing away the slow-dragging hours in his office, vainly striving to concentrate his thoughts on the plans that lay before him, when his office-boy came tearing in, and threw the two dainty missives on his table.

It was Lillian Rothermel's fine Italian hand that caught his eye first, and a great bump came in his throat despite the fact that the other letter, that lay so near it, and was superscribed in Winnie St. Cyr's elegant hand, was an answer to an offer of marriage.

Poor fellow! he had been so guilty and sinning himself, that the being sinned against was all the harder to bear.

He did not make any attempt at opening either of the letters; but laying them side by side, planted his elbows on the desk, and then leaned his head in his hands, so that he was enabled to look down directly upon them.

He had made up his mind, this oddly compounded hero of mine, that the time had come when he must cease swaying like a pendulum, between these two women; now inclining, with all the strength of his loving yet impulsive nature, toward Winnie, and again feeling the mad flashes of passion when he remembered Lillian Rothermel's witching beauty.

But that afternoon, after he had locked his office-door, and thrust rule and sheet out of sight, Harry Gordeloup sat down, deliberately to put an end to this tumult within him.

Not that he regretted offering himself anew to Winnie; or that he had been rejected by Lillian; it was simply to put away from him such conflicting thoughts.

So he looked long and earnestly at the letters, and then, drawing a long breath, of relief almost, it seemed to him, he laid his hand gently, tenderly on Winnie's.

"I will leave my destiny in her hands. She may have spoken the word that will make a better man, and God willing, a happier man of me; she may have bade me never again address her—still I will never again have ought to do with Lillian Rothermel—never again."

After that, his mind was settled; at once and for all. Such dispositions as his have great struggles for principle and duty, but when they have once won, no mortal hand can wrest their victory from them.

So Harry tore open Winnie's letter, with a strong, steady hand, though his heart was beating faster than was his wont.

He read it all, to the end, and then laid it down; a still, calm solemnity on his fine features.

"It is just—I acknowledge it. But after my foul— Good Heavens! I wonder how I dare offer myself to her—but I love—her!"

A flush had crept over his face; that faded to a dead-white shade as he made that tender, extenuating excuse.

He put her letter in his breast-pocket, and then opened Lillian's, half-disdainfully.

It was very short and hastily pencilled.

Will you come to Fernleigh to the wedding—Lester Alvanley's and Winnie St. Cyr's? I wish you would—the first week in September.

"LILLIAN."

His eyes hardly obeyed the will that made them read those words. His head was whirling round and round, and his brain would admit of but the one idea, that Winnie would not marry him, even although she loved him.

Then he crushed down the anguish. He would go to the wedding, certainly. He could just as well go as not, and he wanted to ask Winnie what it all meant, and show Lillian how lost her power was over him.

He grew quite savage with this pitifully false bravery, and thrusting Lillian's letter in the waste-basket, he strode out into the lengthening shadows of that day he had waited for.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WEDDING-GUEST.

MR. ALVANLEY had desired it; Lillian had seconded it, and as she was to marry

him some time, Winnie thought, what did a few weeks matter? In fact, the sooner she was Lester Alvanley's wife the surer she would be of Harry's safety.

So she wearily consented to an engagement of a fortnight. She had known Lester so long, as Lillian had said, that there was not the least impropriety in the sudden marriage. The trousseau must be very plain, and the wedding very quiet—merely a cozy breakfast after the private ceremony, on account of the recent bereavement. Then a tour to Niagara and the Lakes, and a reception at their new house in the city.

So Lillian arranged it, or suffered it to arrange itself. Winnie made no demur, for she had no like or dislike for any of Miss Rothermel's plans.

Lillian was very grave in those few days of preparation, and any one coming in suddenly upon her would find the tears gleaming on her eyelashes, and see her lips quivering as if from a great inward agony.

And Winnie pitied her, and begged her to spare herself the sight of the wedding-garments, when Lillian's own lay still unworn in her wardrobe.

But Lillian only brushed the tears away, and smiled faintly.

"Dear Winnie was so considerate, so kind! But she must be permitted to do her duty, even if it almost crucified her."

And poor "considerate" Winnie felt the days lapse on that ended all her life at the Florestans; that began a never-ending sacrifice.

She had written to the Florestans, and had received their surprised congratulations, and a playful, half-dressed appeal as to why she had not married Harry Gordeloup? Ah, why?

Then, the day before

moment, as if doubting the evidence of her senses; she swayed to and fro an instant, and then the motion changed to a writhe of bodily agony, keener than she could endure.

Then, like a lightning-flash, she drew her slender figure to its utmost height; her eyes gleamed with a steely frigidity; tiny purple specks dotted her face, and a pale blackness gathered around the corners of her lips.

"I never shall forget this. Triumph in your petty revenge, but remember, the day shall come when you will writhe in my grasp, and curse this hour!"

Harry smiled contemptuously, and swung round on his heel to meet Winnie, who had come down, hoping to escape to the garden from the oppressive heat of the house.

"Winnie, I am going with you, may I? Only a moment."

Utterly ignoring Lillian's presence, he sauntered beside her, glancing at Winnie, who was fluttering along, dreading lest he should mention his offer and her refusal, which were the very first words he spoke.

"Why did you do it, Winnie? I dare not say 'Winnie darling,' as my heart prompts me to, but why, if you still love me, will you marry Lester Alvanley?"

He would have taken her hand, but she shrunk away.

"Oh, Harry, don't! I can't tell you—but assuredly it is all for the best! Indeed, indeed, it is for the best!" and she darted away and ran weeping to her room!

How could he be guilty?—that honest-eyed man who had been so pitifully looking at her? And yet not only she, but another witness had seen him! How her heart was crushing, crushing under that cruel weight!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 71.)

Overland Kit:

OR,

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MIDNIGHT EXAMINATION.

THE window was still open, for Bernice had not closed it. She looked out upon the street. A little group of men came marching along, coming from the north.

As they came past the Eldorado, Bernice saw that Judge Jones was at the head of the party, and that in the center was Dick Talbot, evidently a prisoner.

A sigh of anguish came to the lips of the girl; her worst fears were realized. The express agent was on the right scent.

As the party passed the window, Talbot raised his eyes, and gazing in that direction caught sight of the pale face of Bernice, framed in the light that streamed through the window, from the burning candle on the table beyond.

A sad smile came over his face as he looked upon the girl.

The party passed on, heading for the express office. A little group of people had come to the door of the Eldorado, attracted by the noise of the footsteps.

Among the party was Jimmie and Mr. Renmet.

Bernice, leaning out of the window, caught sight of the old lawyer.

She called out to him, aloud.

In obedience to her request, Mr. Renmet ascended to Bernice's room.

"You saw them pass?" Bernice questioned eagerly, almost before the lawyer was fairly within the apartment.

"You mean that party that just went down the street?"

"Yes."

"Certainly?"

"What is the matter?"

"Well, from what I can gather from the conversation of the men who stood around me, I should say that the Vigilantes had risen."

"Vigilantes?" questioned Bernice, in wonder; and then, at the very moment that she spoke, the thought flashed into her mind that Talbot, at his interview with her, had spoken of danger to him, coming from the hands of the Vigilantes.

"Yes, the old-timers Vigilance Committee, under a new name, my dear," explained the lawyer. "You see they don't have much law in this region—none of the regular machinery of courts, judges, lawyers, etc.; so, once in a while, the citizens take the law into their own hands, and that, my dear, is the Vigilantes."

"But, what are they going to do with Mr. Talbot?" questioned Bernice, earnestly.

"Mr. Talbot?" said Renmet, in astonishment; he had entirely forgotten the name of Dick.

"Yes, the gentleman in the middle of the group of men, who seemed to be a prisoner. He's the one, Mr. Renmet, who gave up his room to me; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes; bless me! I forgot all about it!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "Well, no one seems to have the least idea why this Mr. Talbot is arrested—everybody calls him Injun Dick, my dear. By the by, that's the reason why I didn't understand who you meant."

"Where are they taking him?"

"To the express office down the street; they're going to try him right away, so one of the crowd said."

"Mr. Renmet, I feel a great curiosity to know of what crime he is accused. He very kindly gave up his room to me, you know," Bernice said, suddenly. "Would it be requesting too much to ask you to go and see what is the matter?"

"Oh, of course not, my dear," Renmet replied, rather astonished at the odd request. "I'll go at once, but the trial may take some time, and it's late now, and—"

"I shall be up—I'm not at all sleepy!" interrupted Bernice, quickly.

"Well, I'll be back as soon as possible," and the old gentleman hurried from the room, wondering at the peculiar whims of "lovely woman."

Down the street to the express office hurried the lawyer. It was only a few hundred yards, and when Renmet arrived there, he found that they had just got the office lighted up by means of a number of candles stuck around the walls of the shanty in tin scones, and were proceeding to open the court.

The Judge took a seat behind the table; Talbot, the prisoner, was placed behind a dry-goods box; and the crowd ranged themselves around the room.

The little office was pretty well crowded, for the party that held Injun Dick prisoner, had increased, little by little, on the road from Gopher Gulley to the express office in Spur City.

"As this is merely a preliminary examination, we don't need any jury," said Judge Jones, with this remark opening the court. "Prisoner at the bar, known as Dick Talbot, otherwise, Injun Dick, are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Well, Judge, until I know what I'm accused of, I can't tell; I never could guess riddles. You're too much for me; I give it up, Judge," replied Dick, coolly, not at all abashed by his position.

A titter went round the circle of miners at the reply. Probably no class of men in the world are quicker to appreciate a certain sort of humor than the denizens of the Far West.

The Judge looked annoyed for a moment. "I put the question directly to you to save time," he said, sternly; "you must know very well of what crime you are accused, Dick Talbot."

"Haven't the least idea, Judge; unless it is, in being Dick Talbot, I'll have to plead guilty to that, anyhow."

"Gambler, bully, cheat, and desperado!" exclaimed the Judge, harshly.

The face of Talbot grew a shade paler at the ugly names; he shut his teeth firmly together for a moment, involuntarily his hands clenched, and an ominous light shot from his dark eyes.

All within the room bent forward eagerly to watch the issue. Few there but had seen men, giants in size, go down before Injun Dick's sledge-hammer blows, for far less offense than that now offered him.

Nearly all the crowd expected to see Dick dart forward and fell the Judge to the floor, and one half of those within the room would have justified the deed.

Neither they, nor Dick, had any suspicion that Judge Jones had slyly drawn a revolver from the drawer of the table, when he had first taken his seat at it, and now, with his hand on the trigger, the hammer cocked, he waited for the attack, which he had fully calculated his words would bring. Of course, in self-defense, the Judge thought, and rightly too, that few would blame him for using his weapon.

But Judge Jones had reckoned "without the host."

With a powerful effort, Dick repressed his wrath.

"Judge, when a man stands before you with his hands tied behind his back, to strike him, even with words, is a cowardly act," Dick said, slowly and deliberately.

A low murmur came from the lips of the crowd. It was plain that the prisoner had more friends than the Judge.

"And now, Judge, let's have a good, fair, square show of hands; no cards up your sleeve, or aces rung in on a 'cold' deal," continued Dick, in the same cool, deliberate way. "What are you, anyway? Are you the Judge, sitting there to try me for some crime that I am accused of committing, or are you the prosecuting attorney, whose business it is to prove me guilty if he can, whether I am so or not? Or are you both, rolled up into one? If you are, I'd like to know what sort of a show I'm going to get in this here court?"

"A show to be struck by lightning!" growled the man-from-Red-Dog, in anger.

"Silence in the court!" cried the Judge, sternly, and in anger. "In reply to your accusations, I will say that I am the Judge and not the prosecuting attorney, but it is my duty to see that justice be done."

"That's all I ask," remarked Dick, quietly.

"Of course you are aware, that, in certain cases, the Judge, on the guilt of the prisoner being proven, has power to pass sentence at once," Jones said.

"That's square, every time; but, I say, Judge; you commenced operations by saying that, as this was only a preliminary examination, a jury wouldn't be needed. Now, if you're going to have a jury, they've got to find me before you can sentence me. And if the crime I'm accused of isn't big enough to go before a jury, why of course the punishment will only amount to a fine. So you can propel right away with your mule-team; if I've done any thing that's wrong according to law, I'm ready to pony up for it, and if I haven't got money enough about me, maybe some friend of mine in the crowd will 'put up' for me."

"I'm your antelope!" yelled the man-from-Red-Dog, shaking a canvas-bag of gold dust excitedly in the air, and demanding, first on one leg and then on the other, like a turkey on a hot plate, "I'll see you through if it busts me. I'm the big cinnamon bar from Red Dog, I am!"

"Somebody put that fool out!" ejaculated the Judge, sharply.

"Have you picked out the spot where you want that 'somebody' buried?" asked the Red-Dogite, sarcastically. "Or hadn't you better 'go for me' yourself? Ef I hit you once, the turned old express company would want another agent at Spur City, you bet!"

CHAPTER XX.

A HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

"ORDER!" order!" murmured some of the partisans of the Judge, scattered among the crowd.

"Who's a sayin' any thing ag'in' order?" demanded the giant, looking about him, as if with intent to get his eyes on one of the speakers and then fling a free fight, there and then. "Is this a good square trial, or ain't it? Hav' you got the 'papers' packed on us, an' things fixed, so that my pard that ain't goin' to have no sight for his money, say?"

"And the man-from-Red-Dog looked indignant. "That big cuss that, that's tryin' to boss this job, stuck his pick into my 'lead' without sayin' any word to him. I don't allow that any man from hyer to Austen, big or little, Injun or white, kin call me a fool without havin' to 'peel an' fight fur it. I'm any man's antelope in a free fight, an' all I ask is a fair shake, you bet!"

"Order must be preserved, or the examination can not go on," said the Judge, in a quiet way; he already saw that he had proceeded on the wrong track.

"That's so!" ejaculated Dandy Jim; "I never said any word ag'in' it. I only offered for to see Dick through, if he needed rocks. I stand ready for to put the first man out myself, ef he's as big as the side of a house, who riles things hyer."

"That is perfectly satisfactory," said Jones, evidently desirous of calming the troubled waters that threatened to overwhelm the impromptu court of justice. "I was rather hasty, perhaps, in the use of the expression, which I addressed really more to the whole crowd than to any one man in it; and, I suppose, it is as well that I should state right here that I recall the offensive word, and trust that it will be overlooked."

"That's square!" exclaimed the gentle-

man from Red Dog; "I don't knock any chip off any man's shoulder ef he don't put it that to be knocked off. Your 'pology' is accepted, Judge. I'm willin' to be forgiven, an' ef I've done any thing that I ought to be sorry fur, I'm glad of it. And with this jocose remark, peace was once more restored and the examination went on.

Jones saw plainly that Dick had made up his mind to take the affair coolly, and not to be provoked into any violence. The Judge felt that he had lost the first point in the game, and that his adversary had the best of it at present.

"The charge against you, Talbot, is a very serious one," the Judge said, slowly; "too serious for me to handle alone. I don't want to assume any responsibility beyond what the citizens here have already conferred upon me. As your life or death will hang in the issue of this trial, I shall summon a jury of twelve men, good and true, and place your fate in their hands."

The members of the crowd looked at each other, rather astonished at the words of the Judge. Mechanically, each man put the question to himself: "Of what crime was Injun Dick accused?"

"You will have a fair, square trial before a jury of your fellow-citizens here; your fate will be in their hands, not in mine," continued the Judge. "I make this remark, because by your words, you seemed to insinuate that I was acting unjustly against you. Now, I am not aware of any reason existing why I should have a spite against you; do you know of any?"

"No," Dick replied, promptly; "but, Judge, in this world a man ain't always able to tell his friends from his enemies. You may have some secret spite against me that I don't know any thing about. I don't say that you have, I don't know any reason why you should have; I never trod on your toes in any way that I'm aware of. But, as I said before, a man can't always tell. When the ship is on the ocean, it isn't the rock that rises above the water that's dangerous; it's the one beneath the surface, that the waters hide. Just so in life. I never yet feared, or turned my back on an open enemy. I was always prepared for him; ready, willing to meet him. It's the man who strikes you in the back that's ugly—the fellow who hasn't the courage to say, 'I've got a grudge against you, look out for me.'"

"Very true, but I think you, as well as everybody else here, ought to be fully satisfied that I haven't any thing against you. I'm aware that these remarks of mine are a little out of place, but when a man's character is attacked, and his motives questioned, he had better settle the matter right off at once," Jones said, blandly, striving to appear as just as possible. "We've convened in this room, fellow-citizens, to carry out the spirit of the law; what does it matter if we don't conform to the strict letter of it? We're after justice; that's the main point. We are far off here from civilization; we haven't got the regular machinery to work out the process of law as they have it in the east in the big cities. But, what do we care for that? As I said before, we're after justice, and law ain't always justice. I intend that this man shall have a fair trial. Twelve honest men, selected by yourselves, fellow-citizens, shall decide according to the evidence, whether he is guilty or not guilty. As for myself, I'm going to lay down the law just as honestly and fairly as I know how. If I don't, when I step out of this court to the street outside, I become a private citizen again and answerable to any one of you for my acts."

A murmur of applause went round among the crowd. What fair man could take exception to the Judge's speech?

"And now we'll commence proceedings," said Jones after the slight noise had subsided. Dick Talbot, you do not know, then, the nature of the charge under which you have been arrested?"

Dick shook his head silently in the negative.

"You are accused of stopping the express coaches on the highway between here and Austen, and by force of arms, assisted by armed confederates, robbing said coaches, and the passengers in the aforesaid coaches, of their money and other valuables."

Nearly all within the room started in surprise, and loud murmurs of astonishment and doubt came from the lips of the miners. Such a charge, coupled with the name of Dick Talbot, seemed to them utterly preposterous.

As for Talbot himself, he seemed to be the most thoroughly astonished person in the room.

"Why, Judge?" he exclaimed, "somebody's been putting up an awful job to humbug you!"

"You deny the charge?" questioned Judge Jones, fixing his cold, gray eyes on the face of Talbot.

"Of course I do! You might as well accuse me of trying to steal the moon."

"You deny that you are the road-agent known as Overland Kit?"

If a bomb-shell had burst in that little shanty it couldn't have caused more astonishment than the question put by Judge Jones to the prisoner.

The members of the crowd stared at each other with open mouths.

"Overland Kit!" cried Talbot, amazed; "what?"

"Yes; are you not the notorious desperado?"

"Well, Judge, I'd like to see you prove it," Dick replied, with an air of conscious innocence.

"That I will speedily do," said the Judge, confidently. "Step forward, Joseph Rain."

That worthy instantly emerged from the crowd and advanced to the side of the table.

"This is the first witness," said the Judge. "Witness, look at the prisoner. Can you tell me—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Renmet, who looked upon the whole affair as a perfect farce, and the charge as too ridiculous to think of, credibly, for an instant; "but Judge, it is customary to swear a witness before he gives his testimony; otherwise, how can you tell whether the man is speaking truth or falsehood? You can't, legally, jeopardize a man's life upon the mere word, unsupported by oath, of another."

"That's so, boss," ejaculated Ginger Bill.

"You bet!" cried the man-from-Red-Dog, the expression "sort of clinching" the remark of the other, as a miner observed.

"Squar!" said another of the miners, and various remarks of a like tenor came from others of the crowd.

Judge Jones knitted his brow; he did not like the interruption, but his own good sense told him that the point was well taken.

"Has any one in the room a Bible?" Jones asked, after a moment's pause.

The miners looked at each other in doubt.

If Judge Jones had asked for a pack of cards, a dozen in the room could have accommodated him at once.

"Hasn't any gentleman got a Bible?" repeated the Judge, beginning to foresee a serious delay.

"Reckon thar ain't one 'round, Judge," one of the miners said, shaking his head in doubt.

"A Testament will do," the Judge remarked, beginning to show signs of annoyance.

Again the members of the crowd looked at each other with blank faces.

"Reckon thar ain't any sich thing in this crowd," Jim remarked.

"Don't believe that thar's sich a thing in town," Ginger Bill observed, dubiously.

"Well, in the absence of the article whereon the oath should be taken, we must swear the witness on his conscience," said the Judge, seeing a way out of the dilemma.

"Swear him on a chicken, Chinese style," suggested one of the crowd.

"I reckon chickens are as skase as t'other things, round hyer," observed another.

"I wouldn't believe that ornery lookin' cuss of you were to swear him on a stack of Bibles," growled the man-from-Red-Dog, in an undertone.

"No, nor a hull hen-roost of chickens," replied Bill, who stood by the side of the Red-Dogite.

"We must proceed on the word of the witness," said the Judge.

"Stop a moment, I have a Bible!" exclaimed a clear, girlish voice; then the door of the shanty opened and Jimmie appeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FLY-LEAF.

NATURALLY, all within the room were a little astonished at the sudden and unexpected appearance of the landlady of the Eldorado. But her presence at the door of the shanty is easily explained. Like all the rest, she had followed Judge Jones and his prisoner. Instead of entering the house, however, she had remained outside at the door. The door being ajar, she could easily overhear all that took place within the room.

For a moment, a dark and lowering frown clouded the face of the Judge. It was caused by the sudden appearance of the girl, but, speedily it passed away; all eyes being turned upon Jimmie, none noticed it but the girl herself. It did not escape her sharp eyes, and she understood the cause of the Judge's anger. But she advanced within the room with a light step and an upright carriage.

"You have the book?" the Judge questioned.

"Yes; I'll bring it if you want it," Jimmie replied.

"If you will be so kind, Miss Jimmie," the Judge said, blandly, but there was a look in his eyes that plainly revealed to the girl the bitter anger that was in his heart.

"I'm going to bring the book, Dick, because it may help you to have this fellow—" and the girl glanced contemptuously at the witness, Joe Rain—"bound down by oath; perhaps it will keep him to the truth. I heard 'em when they asked for it first, but I wouldn't say any thing for I thought that if they didn't get it, they wouldn't be able to go on; but since they are going to put the thing through, anyway, why, it is better to have 'em swear to what they say."

"Thank you, Jimmie," replied Dick, a slight tinge of color flushing his cheeks; "I shan't forget your kindness."

There was very little expression in his voice, small meaning in his words, but there was a look in his clear blue eyes which made the heart of the girl leap for joy.

"I'll bring it right away, Judge!" Jimmie cried, hastily, and she ran out of the shanty.

The Judge leaned his head on his hands, hiding his face from view; he felt that he could not conceal the rage that was burning in his heart.

The crowd gathered in little knots, discussing the strange occurrences of the last few hours.

The witness, Joe Rain, leaned on the edge of the Judge's table and looked around him with a stolid face.

Talbot stood upright, straight as a pine tree, folded his arms over his breast, and with his gaze fixed afar off on vacancy, lost himself in thought, and by the smile that appeared upon his lips, one would have guessed that his thoughts were of a pleasant nature.

"That gal's a trump!" said Bill, emphatically. "Shan't a-goin' to produce the Testament when she thought a-holdin' of it back would help Dick; but, the minit she found that a-fotchin' it out would be good for him, she goes fur it thar an' then."

"Tain't any use to swear that cuss," growled Jim; "he'll lie anyhow."

"Begorra! he's like a cousin of mine in County Kerry," chimed in the Irishman, Patsey—"a cousin, four times removed, five mind; he was sich a great divil to swear that he'd swear the legs from off an iron pot, or a hole through a tin sawe-pan, an' think no more of it than of a'atin' his praties, bad 'cess to him!"

"Look-a-hyer! you're kinder pilin' it on, ain't ye?" questioned Bill, doubtfully.

"By the piper that played before Moses! it's the honest truth I'm spakin'," affirmed the Irishman. "Shure, he'd swear that black was white, an' that white was no color at all."

"Say, Judge, kin I hev a word with Dick?" asked the Red-Dogite, abruptly.

"I see no objection," replied Jones, raising his head for a moment.

Jim approached Talbot.

"Say, Dick," he said, mysteriously, in a low tone, "I've got a question fur to ask you; will you answer it?"

"Yes, of course, if I can."

"Oh, you kin, easy 'nuff," replied Dandy Jim. "Now, on yer word of honor, old pard—hope I may die, an' all that sort of thing—what were your hand worth when these fellers went for you up in the Gulley?"

Talbot laughed at the question, asked with so many words.

"A pair of queens," he said.

"And I had two leetle pair!" exclaimed the man-from-Red-Dog, in disgust. "Why, I would have raked the pile. Durn their skins, why didn't they wait until we played the hand out?" And then Jim retired, growling to himself.

With a face glowing with excitement, Jimmie re-entered the room, carrying a little Bible in her hand.

"There it is, Judge," she said, placing it on the table. Then she retired a little way and mingled with the crowd, the men respectfully making room for her.

"Thank you, Miss Jimmie," said the Judge, politely, raising his head from the shade of his hands, and pushing the book toward the witness. "You solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give in this—"

"Oh, Judge!" cried Jimmie, suddenly, her face in a flame.

The Judge, thus interrupted, stopped in his speech and looked at the girl in astonishment. Her face was as red as fire, and she was trembling with excitement.

"What is it?" Jones asked, in astonishment.

"My Bible, please—for a moment—I forgot something," and Jimmie advanced to the table, her outstretched hand nervous with a strange agitation.

"Certainly," said Judge Jones, perplexed at the unaccountable excitement of the girl.

Thoroughly astonished, Jones handed the book to her. Opening it with a hand that shook like an aspen-leaf, Jimmie tore out the fly-leaf of the book. The keen eyes of the Judge detected that there were two short lines written on the page. Jimmie crumpled the leaf up in her hand, thrust it hastily into her bosom, and then, replacing the book on the table, retreated to her former position among the crowd.

Of course her motive was plain to all within the room. There was something written in the book that she did not wish other eyes to see.

The Judge administered the oath to the witness, and then proceeded to question him.

"What is your name?"

"Joe Rain."

"Your business?"

"Haven't any at present."

"What was your former occupation?"

"Road-agent."

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL
Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1871.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:
One copy, four months \$1.00
One copy, one year 2.00
Two copies, one year 3.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those waiting for special stories can have them.
For all communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
HEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
28 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Foolsap Papers.

Honesty.

Honesty, like poetry, is an inspiration, and must be born in a man. How often have I seen men struggling to be honest, like unborn poets struggling to write poetry, and with no better success. They did the best they knew how, probably, but the honesty they produced wasn't worth five cents a pound, net. I have seen those men die in the attempt, and have seen by their tombstones hours and hours at a time, plying their melancholy fates, and reading their epitaphs—"Died in trying to be honest."

Honesty is one of our family complaints, and whenever it has been necessary to put it into practice, I don't think I have ever failed to do so.

It is not generally known that I took the medal for honesty at the Paris Exposition, but I did. It may be well enough for me to add, just here, that I took it off a table.

My honesty will average 95 per cent above proof, and I will not deny that I am the most trustworthy man that was ever invented, and would be glad to see my rich friends deposit untold sums of money with me, and have so much confidence in me that they would scold at the idea of having me give security for it, or even any writings to show for it.

My honesty is constantly on the alert. It is rather too much on the alert, I may say, for when I go to pick up twenty-five cents on the street, or an empty pocket-book, or a piece of brick wrapped up, it makes me look anxiously around for fear some one doesn't see me.

Some men are considered so very honest that even their dishonest transactions are looked upon as being honest.

The way to test a man's honesty is to let a little money lie around loose within reach of him; but I should hate to have anybody test mine that way, and should certainly look upon such an act as exceeding cruel, for it is taking a person at a miserable disadvantage.

I have such an honesty of purpose that, if I should say, "I will settle this to-morrow, as I have come off and left my pocket-book in my other coat," I would either settle it or burst. (I have frequently done the latter when I could do nothing else.)

I have got a good deal of credit for my honesty, a good deal of credit, of very long standing, and I am proud to say, will endure for many years yet, for it is not ephemeral.

Honesty is a rare virtue, and suffers a good deal by contact with the world; so, if you are fortunate enough to have any, use it as little as possible, and then only upon state occasions.

Honesty is the best policy; but I never knew but one man who ever got rich by it, and he lost what he made by trying to turn his money too fast. (He was turning one dollar bill into tens.)

If all the world was honest, locksmiths would suffer (and I have some friends among that class), and contracting for the government would lose its chief charm.

Honesty is an exotic, and dies in the atmosphere of dollar stores and auction rooms.

I am reminded of a little incident that occurred last evening. I was sitting in my room, employing my time in waiting for supper, and wondering what we would have for that meal beside a family jar newly opened, when my wife ushered a faded gentleman, done up in rags, into my presence. Putting on my spectacles, and assuring myself that he wasn't just from the legislature, I bade him be seated. His very rags won my respect, and his plug hat, mashed up under his arm, claimed my reverence. He sat down and related his pitiful story, while I, being all ears, as usual, caught his faltering words, which smelt very much of the last thing he took, yet he told his story in such an unassuming manner that it impressed me as being true. He said that, in his better days, although his present appearance would hardly prove it, he was Minister of War under old King Cole, and that it was he who shot the tails off the Duke of Wellington's coat at the siege of Troy, and had his feelings dreadfully wounded at the battle of Bannockburn, in Central Africa, where he unflinchingly led a regiment of New York cavalry—in a retreat, but Cyrus the Great closed in upon him, and he was captured and confined for three years in the Bastille at Sing Sing, the capital of China, on bread and victuals, and that he afterward escaped through a flaw in the indictment and the wall, and in a fruitless attempt to climb the north pole he slipped, and fell into the State of New Jersey, but was finally enabled to get back to earth, and got to be conductor on a street car, running between Dublin and Paris, during which time he was called to mourn the loss of seven fine wives. The recital of this brought tears to my eyes, and tears also ran down his nose, making it necessary for him to blow it. Afterward he invested in a lot of improved long-horned musketoes, Shanghai bed bugs, and South-down cockroaches, and made quite a fortune in this country selling hotel rights, but that he had spent it all in trying to establish a colony of United States Congressmen at Terra del Fuego. He afterward entered the service of the Czar of France, and had banks and palaces of his own there, and had recently left them to travel in this country and examine the manners and customs, and would I lend him fifty cents to get his supper with, as he hadn't had anything to eat for a week.

Glad to help a nobleman in disguise, I gave him ten dollars, and made him remain

and sup sumptuously with me, and then gave him the best room in the house to sleep in. Such a high-toned, intelligent gentleman! How glad was I to do any thing for him! Why, I could hardly go to sleep thinking upon him and his vicissitudes of fortune, which were so romantic. When we called him to breakfast next morning we found that he, the spoons, my pocket-book, and other articles had absented themselves.

Now I want to know if that is not an underhanded manner for one honest man to impose upon another honest man, and was there any thing honest in it?

It will teach me a lesson, not to trust everybody that has a flowery story, as being too strictly honest, for I am afraid he didn't tell the truth.

Honestly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

THE number of newspapers published in the United States, when considered in proportion to the inhabitants thereof, is astonishingly large.

Our newspapers, and our excellent system of common schools, tell the reason why our people, taken in the mass, are, beyond a question, better educated than the people of any other country on the face of the globe.

A certain distinguished man lately made the bold statement that not one Englishman out of a hundred, when shown a map of the United States and asked to place his finger on Chicago, could come within five hundred miles of it. It is doubtful if there are ten twelve-year-old lads out of a hundred, selected at random from our public school scholars, who couldn't indicate the exact location of St. Petersburg, when asked to point it out on a map of Europe.

We mention this to indicate how thorough is our system of education when compared to an old and wealthy nation like England.

The daily newspapers circulate their hundreds of thousands of copies every day—the weeklies their hundreds of thousands once each week.

In the pages of the dailies live the men and manners of the time; they exist only for the present; on the morrow they are forgotten. Often they fight in the interest of a bad cause, advocate corrupt measures, are used as party tools to build up this man and to pull down that one, and not to educate the people; that is out of their province entirely; they are only a great mirror to reflect truly the vices, as well as the virtues, of the day; but one-half the time they do not reflect truly; the glass is false, the picture distorted.

On the other hand, the weekly story papers are for all times and for all ages. We read them to-day; our children, yet unborn, will read the same papers, neatly bound together, twenty years hence. We speak, of course, of the weekly story papers.

In the pages of the weekly journal devoted to literature we read not only of the men and manners in which we live, but of men and times long gone by. And the image presented is not a false one, distorted, perhaps, by party prejudice, but the true reflex of the men and of the time.

The story paper aims always at purity of thought and expression; the history of the guilty points the moral, but does not "adorn" the tale. Its object is easily understood; it seeks to educate the people by the only method by which they can be reached; to make them wiser and better by telling them of the successful fortunes of good men and pure women, showing the evil consequences of guilt and the certain punishment that awaits the evil-doer.

We have given the characters of the two classes of papers fairly, we think; yet, lo! and behold! the frothy "daily" sneers always at the weekly story paper. The sheet full of fiction, told for party purposes, and oftentimes with deliberate intent to do injury to some one, scoffs at the journal whose pages of fiction are written to amuse and instruct the people.

One daily, with owl-like wisdom, gravely says, "any person with fair education and a fair degree of knowledge of the world can write a successful serial story." When the writer penned the words he knew that he was stating an untruth. It was simply the old slur flung at the story paper—the paper of the people. The defamer of our popular literature knows two things well enough. The first is, that his salary per week does not exceed one-fourth that of a successful serial writer. Now, as the "elevated" writer is, presumably, possessed of a fair education, and a fair knowledge of the world, why doesn't he turn his attention to writing serials, and treble his salary thereby?

But he has tried it—or his sister, or his wife, or his brother, or some other relative has tried it—and failed. He—or they—trusted to the connection with a daily journal to secure a place in the columns of the weekly, not knowing the fact that merit alone can gain a position there. The failure is made all the more galling thereby!

So, readers, who read the story paper abused in the columns of the "daily," make up your mind that the writer of the article has had "respectfully declined" affixed to his contributions to the weekly story paper.

POWER.

WHAT a strange thing it is that almost everybody desires to have power over somebody else! None of us want to be servants; we all crave to be masters. Just as if a domineering spirit was one to be craved after. Yet it is so. There's Mollie, the cook, seems to be pleased to know that she has power enough over the cold victual children to tell them when they must and must not come for cold bread, and other edibles. Now, we can't blame Mollie so much, when we set her the example—for we do set it to her. We very often make her feel our power, and she, in her indignation, vents her spite upon some creature lower in the social scale than herself.

I know, when I was a wee bit of a girl, I used to think my ultimatum of pleasure would be reached if I could become a school-teacher. Not on account of ingratiation into the minds of my pupils the mysteries of education, but simply because I should have the power to domineer over the scholars. I am happy to say that such a vindictive spirit has now entirely left me.

Young Sprouter now is a clerk in a dry goods store, being paid a certain stipend for his smirking and mock politeness. Don't you suppose he thinks, as he measures off a yard or so of calico, that the time may come when he'll have power over somebody, the

same as his employer has over him? Of course he does; and as he can't at present do so, he retaliates on the cash-boys.

Sometimes we envy the power of a certain king or queen, and we imagine that, if we only had their power, we'd make such-and-such a one smart roundly for their treatment of us. We seem to forget that, when their royal highnesses are sick, they have to obey—they are in the physician's power. It is so all over the world, and among all classes, that this power is used. Johnny has got to grow up ere he can fully carry out his ideas of power. The poor must bide their time ere they can remonstrate, and the aspiring author must be content with an humble position and scanty pay, until his name can win him a standard place in the niche of fame, where he can snap his fingers at those who predicted his failure.

But the worst of this power is, we only get the use of it when we make an abuse of it. Is it not just as easy, and as well, to treat our poorer and dependent creatures more like human beings than as if they were only another set of creatures which we allowed the privilege of living, but who mustn't come into too close contact with us?

As for myself, I'd bow to, and shake hands with, a person if he dress wasn't a la mode and his bonnet was rather shabby. I wouldn't be her fault, but it would be mine, if I did not endeavor to get her better; but that would be decidedly unfashionable, and of course humanity must give way to fashion, and kindness to power.

If you have power over an individual, don't be so despicable as to use it in a wrong manner. Don't make those dependent upon you for charity feel that they are so.

If you have the power to elevate a human being, have the inclination as well, and do it, but don't brag about it forever afterward, for that will take away all the beauty of your good deed.

If you have persons in your employ, don't give your money to him or her in a begrudging manner when pay-day comes. Make each one feel as though you thought the money was well earned.

Let's throw away this abominable pride we carry, and treat all as we would desire to be treated ourselves. That's not original. The Golden Rule tells us to do that, but it does not tell us we ought to grind down the poor and weak. That would be a strange kind of Christianity. Yet we call ourselves Christians, but we never will be worthy of that title until we make better use of the power that is given us. EVE LAWLESS.

A WOMANLY POSITION.

"GAIL HAMILTON's declaration that 'pecuniary dependence, so degrading to men, is not only not undignified, but is the only thoroughly dignified position for women,' is quoted all over the world as sound and sensible."

I copy the foregoing paragraph from a prominent newspaper, which is not at all strong-minded.

I could like to know how any woman can make such a remark as that. I hadn't seen it before, and had some doubts about its correctness, but there appears no room for reasonable doubt.

"So degrading to men"—dear me! I wonder why the Lord made his children—men and women—so different? "Pecuniary dependence" is "so degrading" to men, but is the "only dignified position for women."

Why degrading to the masculine persuasion, I wonder? Because, if a man wants a cigar or a new shirt, to have to ask some body for money to purchase it with is galling to him. Dependence is degrading to men—they were born free and lofty creatures, with souls that scorn slavery and soar above the degrading restraints of dependence. It is not dignified for them, a man must be independent.

But, women are very different. They were at the beginning dependent on a man's rib for existence, and being wholly a secondary consideration, she must occupy a secondary position. It is quite proper that she should, too. Woman has none of the lofty high-souledness that characterizes her brother man, and makes pecuniary dependence degrading to him; she is as the negro was said to be by pro-slavery men previous to his emancipation, she cannot appreciate freedom and enjoys dependence better. Freedom is not dignified for women, especially pecuniary independence.

I wonder that every one can not see this plainly. How undignified it would be for a woman to own real estate, to have a house and farm of her own, the product of which would enable her to put her hand in her pocket when she wants a new dress, and take therefrom money to purchase it, instead of having to ask her father, brother, or husband for it! I hope there are no women who are blessed in being pecuniarily dependent, that are foolish enough to long for a position so devoid of dignity as this would be.

I pity Gail Hamilton. She writes books and earns money, and being, consequently, pecuniarily independent, her position is dreadfully "undignified." It must be very disagreeable, indeed!

There are many other women in the same situation—women who either had no one to depend upon, or who became absurdly imbued with ideas of selfhood and independence such as only men should have, and started out in the world to stand alone and earn their own living, thus willfully and foolishly depriving themselves of a "thoroughly dignified position," and placing themselves entirely without the sphere of women. True, many of them support, by their efforts, not only themselves, but a widowed mother, or an invalid father, and one or two helpless children; but this does not compensate them for their loss. It is impossible for a woman to so far step aside from nature as to have a self-centered, independent, individual existence, without losing more than she could possibly gain.

Girls, a word to you! Never be foolish enough to try to do any thing which will in any degree deprive you pecuniarily independent. Stay at home with your father, and let him furnish you with pocket-money and pay your bills, and wait patiently for the coming man, who will give you a first-class situation in pecuniary dependence. In doing this, you will be acting in a womanly manner, and, above all, be maintaining a "thoroughly dignified position."

LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

SMITHERS' COURTSHIP.

I BELIEVE that I have never presented to the world the reminiscences of the days of my youth and courtship of Roxana Callope. I never was in favor with my wife's father, for he was too much inclined to borrow of my money. I remember once when he wanted to borrow money to ten cents of mine, that I told him, confidentially, I was saving all my loose change to buy a wedding suit. He said a wicked word, and told me that the size of my boots were too large to suit him, and, as his house was small, he required all the room in it for his own family. He said he had a contempt for a man who couldn't lend ten cents.

Roxana and I then courted on a wood-pile; she chewed gum while I munched apples. She was a great gum-chewer; in fact, I think she would have proved herself to be the champion gum-chewer of the world, had there been a contest to that effect. She gave up the habit, some time since, but so often were her jaws at work in those days that she can't keep them still now.

Roxana liked our style of courtship; it was so original. It was an expensive one to me, for I was invariably catching my clothes in some of the notches of the wood. I was "spooney" in those days, and quoted poetry by the yard. This touched the heart of my adored, and, while peeling apples of an afternoon, in the back kitchen, she would appeal to her flinty-hearted parent, and tell him that she felt assured the mantle of the ancient poets had fallen upon me. He said it would have been much better if somebody's mantle-piece had fallen on my head.

Well, our courtship went on smoothly during the summer and fall. But the winter weather was too much for Roxana to stand—or rather sit—on the wood-pile; so we were obliged to seek some other way to express our love, or let it die out entirely. Roxana had seen "Romeo and Juliet" performed, and proposed that we should follow the example of the Venetian lovers and hold clandestine meetings. I don't know how our acting would have pleased an audience, but I know it satisfied us. One night, Roxana had a severe cold, which made her so deaf that I was obliged to resort to a speaking-trumpet to make her hear my protestations of love. It frightened Roxana's father so much that he feared the house was on fire, and frantically rushed around with buckets of water in his hands, which he dashed about in rather too unceremonious a manner to be agreeable. He had been doing some house-painting that very afternoon, and, by mistake, dashed the contents of a pot of indigo over me. I felt, looked, and acted extremely blue. It dampened my ardor, and my clothes at the same period.

A plan was at last arranged for us to elope. The night was a most tempestuous one, but, I had resolved to win my Roxana or catch cold in the attempt. The rain fell in miniature cataracts, and trickled down my nose in the most unceremonious manner. I carried a lantern with me, so that I could at least pick out my way. I arrived at the place and had got as far as the woodshed, when my foot tripped, and I fell over an old saw-horse; the concussion broke the glass of my lantern and put out the light. "A bad beginning makes a good ending," I said to myself, as I hobbled toward the house. I could see a white form at Roxana's window, and progressed that way. I encountered a large barrel. This I thought I would mount, and ask Roxana where a ladder could be procured. I mounted. To my horror, I found myself sinking into some slimy mass. I screamed in agony, and, invisible or symptomatic of my agony, the floor about me began to rise. (The Art of Love) teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing to their lovers with new milk and altered handwriting, and Roxana, who was a Reiter Bored, in 1663; also by Le Must and others in 1668.

A YOUNG WIFE wishes to know how to make a good cup of tea. Soyer, the great French cook, says: "Before pouring in any water, the tea-pot with the tea in it should be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by the fire, and then poured in front of the fire (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water." The result, he claims, will be, in his estimation, the very best or, at least, the very best of its kind in the ordinary way.

A R. writes: "I am an apprentice in a barber's shop, and like the business very much, except that I am obliged to work Sunday morning and can not go to church. Shall I stay or leave the place?" If you like the trade, but don't want to work on Sunday, does not break the Sabbath. Many of them do not. There is no earthly reason why a barber should follow his trade on Sunday any more than a shoemaker or blacksmith.

READER, St. Louis, inquires regarding Aggie Penne. The gentleman was born in Boston, Mass., therefore he is an American, but Scotch-Irish by descent. We should judge that he was about twenty years old. During the war he held the commission of captain in the first Arkansas, the first Union regiment raised in that State. He is conversant with English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, and is probably one of the best historical scholars in the country. He was once a very successful adventurer. He is not married, and when he tired of the subject, replies that he never expects to be, as he has never found any lady yet who would have him! Rumor hints at a love disappointment, but only in Aggie Penne writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.—We will soon commence the Sea Story referred to.

SAN FRANCISCO asks for a story and some more City Life Sketches. In due time the JOURNAL will present both.

A READER wishes to procure a good book on farming, and asks advice about acquiring the life of a farmer. Join one of the city libraries and read all the works relative to farming that they have. We should fancy that a very good book would be found to you to procure a situation with a Western farmer to learn farming. Advertise in any one of the agricultural weeklies or monthlies; state what you desire clearly, and we have no doubt that you will succeed in obtaining a good situation. Undoubtedly the very best way for a youth to learn to be a farmer is to do manual labor on a farm.

ALFRED asks for some rules regarding composition. There are a dozen or so hand-books, which will instruct you in regard to rules; but, as for the spirit, if you would write to any purpose you must be perfectly free from wit out, in the first place, and yet more free from within. Give yourself the natural vein; think of no pattern, no paradox, no pious, no piper, no public; think on nothing, but follow your own impulses. Give yourself as you are, what you are, and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring on what you have. If you have nothing, be an honest beggar rather than a respectable thief.

MARY writes: "My parents wish me to marry a young man in our village; he is quite wealthy but very bad looking—red homely, all the girls call him a hog, and not in good humor, but very good natured. I do not care for him at all; neither do I care for anybody else. My parents do not really insist upon my marrying him, but have often said, that they thought it would be a good match for me, because he has money. Please advise me." Don't you go it; don't let any thing tempt you to marry a man whom, in your heart, you feel that you do not love. Money isn't every thing in this world; it doesn't always bring happiness. Wait! your time will come. When your heart has chosen the man who has come, take him; not before.

ELFRIDA inquires: "Why is the Pacific Ocean so called?" From its tranquility. Its winds and tides are not deflected by land, and it is the smallest vessel ride in security. Its vast expanse can only be conceived by consulting a globe. It is the sea of corals.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany them.—For such returns, for such returns, for such returns, for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book, Map, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the muller at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it to folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We use "The Fatal Test," and return "Vinnie's Pearl."—We also place the accepted flat, the following: "Jocelyn's Fate," "The Artist's Medal," "Two Hundred Thousand," "In Love with a Photograph," "Mangling a Widower," "We return Spanish story by J. K. Kim. The theme is rather trite, and the MS. is imperfect.—Will turn Lena Kern's Experience over to 'Our Omnibus.'—Ditto, 'A Fashionable Advertisement.'—We return 'Charley's Heroine' and 'My Love Affair.' The theme of the first-named already has found place in one of our sketches. 'Life in New York City' we will try and find space for.—We return 'A Noble Work.'—Will use 'Lizzie's Reward.'—Ditto poems 'The Lamb and Flower,' 'Adjudication.' Can use 'Where you ever hung.' A large number of sketches 'await their turn' for examination. Contributors must be patient this fiercely sweltering weather.

KENNEDY. There are rules for the length of a manuscript. We regard all contributions on their merits, not on their length; but, when our space is for miscellaneous contributions, we prefer the shorter, and choose the brief sketches or stories, excellence being equal.

SARAH T. G. The MSS. referred to were returned—placed in the "Dead Letter" box, and for that purpose. If the package was underpaid we are not responsible.

Mrs. HOMER H. Albany. Stories of the late war for the Union are of course of great popular interest than almost any other kind of matter, probably for the reason that the reality is yet so vivid and fresh; it memory as it depicts all romance. A generation later the late war will be much used in romance.

J. P. M. "Capt. Brain" and J. P. C. Adams are one and the same person. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL. A new serial work from his hand is now being prepared. He is deservedly a great favorite.

The poem, "Cling to those who cling to you," we discover to be a theft. Doctor Snuggles is the thief, not the person who remitted it evidently has good taste; he steals only what is good.

J. B. H. says: "I long since discarded the Weekly for your Excellent paper, the SATURDAY JOURNAL, which he reads and reads well what he enjoys. We thank him for the compliment meant and expressed in the word 'Excellent'."

B. H. G., Buffalo, asks if the recently advertised story, "Hazel Eye, the Girl Trapper," is a continuation of the SATURDAY JOURNAL's "Ned Hawk, the Boy Trapper." The two are contemporaries, have expressed their scorn of imitations. In pretty plain language, we suppose he don't see the likeness there is in titles; nor the fact that his full length portrait, or costume, of the author, is a very good one, in length of Captain Adams. Well; "Barkis is will in" we can spare of our abundance, and are not going to tear heads because another paper looks to us for good ideas.

ERNA wishes a receipt to remove freckles. Take five pale brandy, four ounces; glycerine, one ounce. Mix by a gentle shake, and apply with a cotton wool, once, twice, or three times a day. It is intended to remove freckles and discolorations, as well as to improve the general appearance of the skin.

R. E. T. Barbarossa was a famous pirate, the history of whose exploits would fill many pages. He proclaimed himself King of Algiers and Tunis, and took possession of the regions of the Mediterranean. He was defeated by Gomarez, Governor of Oran, and put to death in 1518.

ATKENSE. The ancient black inks were composed of soot and ivory black, and Vitruvius says they were of two kinds; but the ancients had like-wise various colored inks, as red, gold, silver and purple. Red ink was made of iron filings, and various kinds of gums. Indian ink is brought from China, and must have been in use by the people of the East long before the Christian era. The artificial Chinese product is being of very great antiquity. It is usually imported in small cakes, and is composed of fine black ink and animal glue, invisible or symptomatic of my agony, the floor about me began to rise. (The Art of Love) teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing to their lovers with new milk and altered handwriting, and Roxana, who was a Reiter Bored, in 1663; also by Le Must and others in 1668.

A YOUNG WIFE wishes to know how to make a good cup of tea. Soyer, the great French cook, says: "Before pouring in any water, the tea-pot with the tea in it should be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by the fire, and then poured in front of the fire (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water." The result, he claims, will be, in his estimation, the very best or, at least, the very best of its kind in the ordinary way.

A R. writes: "I am an apprentice in a barber's shop, and like the business very much, except that I am obliged to work Sunday morning and can not go to church. Shall I stay or leave the place?" If you like the trade, but don't want to work on Sunday, does not break the Sabbath. Many of them do not. There is no earthly reason why a barber should follow his trade on Sunday any more than a shoemaker or blacksmith.

READER, St. Louis, inquires regarding Aggie Penne. The gentleman was born in Boston, Mass., therefore he is an American, but Scotch-Irish by descent. We should judge that he was about twenty years old. During the war he held the commission of captain in the first Arkansas, the first Union regiment raised in that State. He is conversant with English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, and is probably one of the best historical scholars in the country. He was once a very successful adventurer. He is not married, and when he tired of the subject, replies that he never expects to be, as he has never found any lady yet who would have him! Rumor hints at a love disappointment, but only in Aggie Penne writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.—We will soon commence the Sea Story referred to.

SAN FRANCISCO asks for a story and some more City Life Sketches. In due time the JOURNAL will present both.

A READER wishes to procure a good book on farming, and asks advice about acquiring the life of a farmer. Join one of the city libraries and read all the works relative to farming that they have. We should fancy that a very good book would be found to you to procure a situation with a Western farmer to learn farming. Advertise in any one of the agricultural weeklies or monthlies; state what you desire clearly, and we have no doubt that you will succeed in obtaining a good situation. Undoubtedly the very best way for a youth to learn to be a farmer is to do manual labor on a farm.

ALFRED asks for some rules regarding composition. There are a dozen or so hand-books, which will instruct you in regard to rules; but, as for the spirit, if you would write to any purpose you must be perfectly free from wit out, in the first place, and yet more free from within. Give yourself the natural vein; think of no pattern, no paradox, no pious, no piper, no public; think on nothing, but follow your own impulses. Give yourself as you are, what you are, and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring on what you have. If you have nothing, be an honest beggar rather than a respectable thief.

MARY writes: "My parents wish me to marry a young man in our village; he is quite wealthy but very bad looking—red homely, all the girls call him a hog, and not in good humor, but very good natured. I do not care for him at all; neither do I care for anybody else. My parents do not really insist upon my marrying him, but have often said, that they thought it would be a good match for me, because he has money. Please advise me." Don't you go it; don't let any thing tempt you to marry a man whom, in your heart, you feel that you do not love. Money isn't every thing in this world; it doesn't always bring happiness. Wait! your time will come. When your heart has chosen the man who has come, take him; not before.

ELFRIDA inquires: "Why is the Pacific Ocean so called?" From its tranquility. Its winds and tides are not deflected by land, and it is the smallest vessel ride in security. Its vast expanse can only be conceived by consulting a globe. It is the sea of corals.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

BY REV. DR. WHITTINGTON.

At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep,
Here in thy presence, gracious God, I kneel,
And while the tears of gratitude I weep,
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel.
Parental love! Oh, set thy holy seal
On these young hearts, which thou to me has sent;
Repel temptation, guard their better weal;
Be thy pure spirit to their frailty lent.
And lead them in the path their infant Savior went.
I ask not for their eminence or wealth—
For those, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys;
But occupation, competence and health,
Thy love, thy presence, and the lasting joys
That flow therefrom; the passion which employs
The breasts of holy men; and thus to be,
From all that taints, or darkens or destroys
The strength of principles, forever free;
This is the better boon, oh, God, I ask of thee.

This world, I know, is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below;
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge,
Which creaks and shakes beneath us as we go;
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream;
Some sink by secret means and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream.
Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they scream.

If these soft feet, which now these feathers press,
Are doomed the path of ruin soon to tread;
If vice, concealed, lurks in their untried dress,
Is soon to turn to her polluted bed;
If thy foreseeing eye discerns a thread
Of subtle guilt, impelling on their doom,
Oh, spare them not—in mercy, strike them dead;
Prepare for them an early, welcome tomb.
Not for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom.

But if some useful path before them lies,
Where they may walk obedient to thy laws,
Though never basking in ambition's eye,
And pampered never with the world's applause;
Active, yet humble, virtuous, too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
Still following where thy perfect Spirit draws,
Releasing others from the hands of hell,
If this be life, then let them longer live—'tis well.

And teach me, Power Supreme, in their green days,
With meekest skill, thy lessons to impart;
To shun thy harlot, and to show the maze,
Through which her honeyed accents reach the heart;
Help them to learn without the bitter smart
Of bad example, and to decline;
From treachery, falsehood, knavery may they start
As from a hidden snake; from woman, wine,
From all the guilty pleasures with which scenes combine.

How well they sleep! what innocent repose
Rests on their eyes, from older sorrows free!
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not disclose,
Which wraps the future from your minds and me.
But, Heavenly Father, leaving them with thee,
Whether on high or low may be their lot,
Or early death, or life, award them—be it so;
Thy Guardian, Savior, Guide; and bless the spot,
Where they shall live or die; till death, forsooth,
Them not.

Though persecution's arches o'er them spread,
Or sickness undermine, consuming slow;
Though they should lead the life their Savior led,
And his deep poverty be doomed to know;
Wherever Thou shalt ordain, let them go;
I give them up for thee—they are not mine;
And I could call the swiftest winds that blow
To bear them from me to the pole or line.
In distant lands to plant the Gospel's bleeding shrine.

When as "scroll these heavens shall pass away,
When the cold grave shall offer up its dust,
When seas shall burn, and the last dreadful day
Restores the spirit to its scattered dust;
Then, Thou most merciful as well as just,
Let not my eyes, when elements are tossed,
In wild confusion, see the darkest, worst
Of painful sights, that ever parent crossed—
Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not mine be lost!

Strange Stories.

THE SPANISH VULTURE.
A LEGEND OF FLANDERS.

BY AGILE PENNE.

FROM the donjon tower of the castle of Detmold floated the banner of Raymond de Villa, the stout soldier of Spain, who held the Flemish castle with an iron hand.

The device on the banner was a naked arm, the hand of which grasped a dagger; beneath it was the motto, "I dare!"

The Spanish captain did not believe the motto that he had chosen. Stern Alva, the Spanish bloodhound, who was drenching the flat Netherlands fields with gore, had had no better soldier than Raymond de Villa.

But, how was it that the Spaniard held the Flemish tower, and called himself the lord of Detmold?

Listen we to the conversation between two men who were watching from the donjon tower, and mayhap we shall learn.

One of the men, a full-bearded Spaniard, whose bronzed face and upright carriage told of burning suns and warlike deeds, was called Pedro Santana. He was second in command to De Villa. The other was a slenderly-built gentleman, whose white face and dainty hands told that he was far better acquainted with courtly graces than with the rough customs of the tented field. He was called Henri De Ligne. He was an envoy from the Rag King, sent on a secret mission to the bold Spaniard who had seized the Flemish tower. The object of his mission was to detach De Villa from Spain and bind him to France.

The two were gazing intently to the south, their backs to the German ocean, that dashed its dark waters against the base of the tower.

Far off in the distance could be seen the shining lances of a large body of horsemen approaching the castle.

Pedro and De Ligne were old friends, having met years before at the French court.

"Yonder they come," said the Spaniard, pointing to where the lances glittered silver in the sunlight.

"You know, then, who yonder horsemen are?" questioned De Ligne, in surprise.

"Ay, the escort of the lady, Louise of Cleves; she that is to wed the soldier who holds this tower—the 'Spanish Vulture,' as these sturdy Flemings term him."

"Hark ye, Pedro; tell me something of your captain," said De Ligne, seating himself upon a stone that projected from the wall.

"Ten days ago, I knew not that such a man as Raymond De Villa lived."

"The story is soon told," replied the other. "My captain comes of a good old Spanish family, though blessed neither with broad acres nor a noble title, yet he has the right to put Don before his name. As soon as he was old enough to set lance in rest, he chose a soldier's life. Step by step he fought his way upward, until a year ago found him in Flanders serving under Alva, leading a hundred men, as good soldiers as ever broke bread or wielded brand. At that time this castle was held by Danri of Detmold, a Flemish noble of high descent. De Villa was a soldier of fortune, serving for hire in the Spanish ranks. The hundred he led looked to him for their pay. Charles of Spain, the kindly monk, thought more of convents and saintly men than of paying the brave hearts who were shedding their

blood like water for him on foreign soil. De Villa, tired at last of serving without pay, with his hundred men, withdrew from the Spanish service. He looked around for some castle to attack. He was wearied of selling his sword for hire, and wished to settle down as a landed proprietor. Sweeping through the land like an army of locusts, this tower came in his way. Boldly he defied the lord of Detmold, Danri, to battle. Confident in his overwhelming numbers—for the Fleming, hearing of De Villa's approach, had called upon his neighbors for assistance and had gathered together some four hundred men—Danri sallied from his castle to crush the horde of robbers, as the Flemings termed the Spaniards. Though the Flemings were four to one, yet, before the sun went down, the lord of Detmold and one-half of his men lay disabled, wounded or dead, upon the field, and the rest, a beaten crowd of fugitives, sought safety in flight. Detmold tower was won at a single blow.

"A decisive victory!" exclaimed the Frenchman, who had listened to the recital with interest.

"Yes, the Flemish forces were no match for the hardy soldiers of fortune who had risked their lives on a hundred battle-fields. In the tower De Villa captured the son and heir of the dead lord, a child some six years old. The wife, absent on a visit to her father, the count of Guelders, escaped. One year ago, De Villa seized the tower, and ever since that time he has been obliged to fight a woman. One by one she has stirred up the neighboring nobles to make war upon the slayer of her husband. Dearly, though, have they paid for their rashness. The Flemings call De Villa the 'Spanish Vulture,' and well they may, for he has swooped down upon them often enough. But, this Rosel of Detmold—the widow whom his sword has made—gives him no peace. She heats his enemies, and cools his friends. By her arts she has kept all the Flemish nobles from entering into alliances with him."

"But this marriage treaty with Cleves?"

"There is a mystery about it that puzzles me," said the Spaniard, thoughtfully. "The Duke of Cleves proposed the marriage. His daughter, Louise of Cleves, is said to be one of the handsomest girls in all Flanders; her hand sought after by every noble in the Netherlands; yet her father refused them all, to give her to the Spanish Vulture."

"Doubtless he courts the alliance of your

captain," De Ligne said; "but the boy, the son of Danri?"

"A prisoner here in the castle; but he fares more as an honored guest than a captive."

The arrival of the bridal procession put a stop to the conversation.

The two left the ramparts and hastened to the grand hall, where the Spanish Vulture sat in state to receive the daughter of the house of Cleves.

Raymond de Villa was a man of thirty; a frank and honest face, though bearing the deep lines that a warlike life had written there; a stalwart figure, giving visible evidence of the great strength that had placed victory on his helm in many a stricken field.

Surrounded by the retainers of Cleves, the lady Louise entered the hall. She was a tall, fair girl, of wondrous beauty.

With courtly gallantry, Raymond knelt before the lady, and, raising her white hand to his lips, bade her welcome to Detmold Tower.

"Your presence, lady, makes these dark walls look bright. It seems like a wild dream, rather than sober reality, the thought that you will bless the life-path of a poor soldier like myself with the sunshine of your smile."

The deep, earnest voice of the Spaniard caused a blush to mantle the cheek of the lady.

"The man who has held Detmold Tower against all the best lances in Flanders is apt to win respect, if not love, from all," replied Louise.

Raymond led Louise to an alcove window that looked out upon the ocean. Her followers mingled with the Spaniards.

"And yet, instead of respect, I have won nothing but hatred," said Raymond, continuing the conversation. "All Flanders calls me the Spanish Vulture."

"You are a stranger holding a Flemish tower; within these walls is a helpless child, whose father you have slain; in Guelders, weeps a woman whose husband perished by your sword." There was a strange expression upon the lady's face as she spoke.

"Lady, it was in fair fight, my foes four to one; but, as I am a living man, I swear to you that I know that Danri of Detmold had wife and child, I would have taken another road than that leading to this tower. Even now, I would give back what my sword has won, to Rosel of Detmold, but that the world would say, that the Spanish Vulture feared a woman's power."

"If I have heard aright, the lady Rosel has sworn upon the altar never to sleep in

bed until she has rescued her son from your chains."

"My chains!" the Spaniard exclaimed in astonishment. "By the saints! my foes belie me. I am a soldier, and do not war on infants. I but hold the boy in hopes some day, by giving him up, to win the mother to desist from her fruitless attempts to wrest the tower from my grasp. The boy has had as careful tending as if he had been of my own flesh and blood. Had I been the merciless butcher—the Spanish Vulture—that the Flemings claim, Danri's son would have yielded up his young life long ago. But, you shall see him, lady; his rosy cheeks and clear blue eyes shall tell that he has not been cruelly treated. Pedro, bring young Danri hither."

"No, no!" cried the lady, springing to her feet in great agitation.

De Villa looked at her in astonishment. Pedro had departed on the instant.

"And why not?" Raymond questioned. "I would have you see with your own eyes that I am not quite so black a devil as the knights of Flanders paint me."

"—I am ill," the lady murmured, in faltering accents. "Take me into the air or I shall faint!"

Eagerly they gathered around the white-faced woman; amazement was in each face. Supported by De Villa's strong arm, Louise moved toward the door, but, just as the throng reached the entrance, the door opened suddenly, and Pedro, bearing a blooming child in his arms, entered the room.

The lady and the baby were face to face.

With a cry of joy the child outstretched its little arms.

"Mother! mother!" he cried.

The truth flashed upon the Spaniards on the instant. Louise of Cleves was Rosel of Detmold. The Fleming had proved to be a false friend indeed, and the Spanish Vulture was in a trap.

Swords flashed in the air; De Villa was surrounded by the foe; unarmed, his life was at their mercy.

But, ere a blow was struck, stout Pedro placed his dagger at the throat of the child. A groan of anguish came from the mother's lips as she beheld the threatening motion.

"Not quite so fast, good gentlemen of Cleves!" the soldier cried, mockingly. "You've sprung the trap, but it has caught a Fleming as well as a Spaniard. A single movement toward my captain and I'll

drive my steel into the throat of this child!"

"Mercy! do not kill my boy!" pleaded the anxious mother.

"Lady, these men act your pleasure?" asked De Villa.

"I acknowledge myself beaten; I give up your child and your castle; all I ask, is permission for myself and men to leave this place forever, and I swear by my knightly honor never again to claim the tower of Detmold."

"I agree," she said.

Within an hour, the Spaniards were on the march. De Villa's smile was pleasant, for the sweet face of Rosel floated ever before him. For the first time in his life the stern soldier knew the meaning of the word, love.

Rosel had won the game at last, but there was a cloud upon her brow as she pressed her rescued son to her heart.

But, ere a month had gone, Rosel found she had other foes besides the Spaniard. The wily Duke of Cleves claimed the Tower; garrisoned as it was by his men-at-arms, it fell like a ripe pear into his hands.

Who dared dispute with the powerful Duke of Cleves? One man alone. In Alva's camp, Rosel sought the Spanish Vulture. Ere six suns had set, De Villa's lances once more gleamed around Detmold's castle; ere six more had run their course, the banner, bearing the naked arm and brandished steel, floated from the topmost tower.

Once again, the Spaniard won the castle, and with the victory, won a treasure more precious far than lordly tower or Flemish acres, the love of Rosel of Detmold.

No captain, French or Fleming, dared to assail the tower, protected by the good sword of the Spanish Vulture.

The Artist's Model.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

THE maddened steeds dashed down the street at a furious rate, and the pale face in the carriage, half buried among the rich curtains, meekly implored deliverance from the doom to which she was hastening.

Brave men shrunk from the track of the approaching vehicle, and the imploring gaze of its occupant seemed to search the horrified witnesses in vain.

To attempt to arrest the mettled bays with limb, seemed to court the king of terrors beneath their iron-shod feet, and not one among the spectators was willing to jeopardize his life.

Not one?

"What is life to me?" muttered a ragged youth, intently noting the approaching runaway. "I am called a thief, when I never steal; and find myself shunned by those who call themselves honest, and hunted by the police. And why? Because I am an outcast. They will not give me work, and I must lead the most wretched of lives. I might as well do a good deed, and die now. I can stop those horses; but they will kill me."

He nerved himself for the daring attempt, and the spectators uttered ejaculations of astonishment and horror when they saw the fragile outcast spring from their midst and throw himself before the horses.

"He finds his Juggernaut," cried a Bohemian. "Poor fellow! he must have been crazy."

A moment the dust hid the youth from view, and then a puff of wind revealed him upon the tongue, between the horses, bringing them to terms, like a second master of a Sucephalus.

He conquered.

The champion steeds were scarcely under his control when the unconscious occupant of the broken vehicle, uninjured in person, but frightfully shocked in mind, was lifted thence, and borne by tender hands to a neighboring pharmacy.

She was a transcendently bewitching girl, just entering her eighteenth year, and clad in robes fit enough to grace the person of a princess.

In the joyous moment immediately following the beauty's deliverance, her preserver was forgotten, and when some one looked for him, behold, he was gone.

"He has stolen back to his haunts of crime," remarked the Bohemian above referred to. "Perhaps you'll find him at the police court to-morrow. I, myself, have seen that face in the prisoner's dock quite often. But, gentlemen, he is braver than all of us."

The throng admitted the truth of the last remark, and though the Rag King, as men called the youth, was looked for far and wide, none saw him stealing down a dingy alley, keeping in the gloom of the buildings like some great hunted rat.

Presently he emerged upon a street, and entered a doorway, above which a sign informed the people that Roger Chidester, artist, occupied a room on the second floor.

The youth went straight to the studio, and found the young aspirant for fame

working upon a form which resembled his own forbidding humanity.

"Ha! you have come," cried the artist, looking up. "I shall use you an hour, so take your accustomed position, and I will to work, losing no time."

The young man threw himself into a half-recumbent position against the artist's table, almost directly in the rear of the easel, and Richard Chidester recommenced work upon his masterpiece, which he had appropriately styled, "A Poor Wretch."

At the expiration of an hour he laid aside his brush, and glanced at his watch.

"The hour is up, sir," he said to his model. "But would you have any objection to remaining a few minutes longer? I would not more coloring to the cheeks."

"Go ahead, sir," said the youth. "My time ain't precious; yours is. The 'cad' of design opens next week."

The artist smiled, and resumed his brushes. He had painted but a few moments when a rap at his door startled him.

He rose, and was about to hide the half-finished portrait, when a voice reached his ears.

"'Tis I—Chidester—Moncton."

"Ah, Moncton!" cried the artist, flying to the door, and admitting a fine-looking man, beyond the prime of life, and fashionably attired.

"I came according to your invitation, Mr. Would-be Raphael, to see your new picture," said the gentleman, good-naturedly, not noticing the forlorn model, as he removed his hat, and dropped into the easy-chair before the easel.

The eyes of the Rag King fixed their penetrating gaze upon him.

"He's worth his thousands," he murmured, away down in the depths of his heart. "I was heir to a fortune once. Once?"

"A faithful picture, Roger," said the gentleman, after scrutinizing the poor wretch's counterpart on canvas. "Where did you pick up the living original?"

The artist's eye flitted to his model, trembling like an aspen leaf, and shading his glance with his hand, the retired banker looked beyond the easel with an ejaculation of surprise. His extended scrutiny was so rigid that Roger's model trembled more than ever, and suddenly, from some uncontrollable impulse, darted from the studio, and descended the steps like a frightened hind.

Richard Moncton buried his face in his hands, and his whole frame quivered like a reed.

"That face! that face!" he groaned. "'Tis the counterpart of hers—the only woman I ever truly loved. But I believed

her false, when woman was never truer; and I drove her from my presence upon our wedding eve, with a broken heart. What became of her I never knew. So," after a long pause, "she must have married; and this is her child, which might have been mine, too—a boy, the personification of wretchedness. Oh! Ethel, Ethel! I—"

The door was suddenly burst open without ceremony, and one of the Judge's servants informed him of the accident to his daughter, which we have described in the opening of our story.

"And who, did you say, saved her?"

"The Rag King."

The artist started.

"Do you know him?" asked the Judge.

"His portrait is before you."

"What! her boy, in all his abject squalor, the preserver of Clara's life?"

"I assure you, Judge, that my model is the so-called Rag King," reiterated the artist.

Mr. Moncton did not reply, but, with a long look at the canvas, picked up his hat, and stepped toward the door.

"You will come again, Moncton?"

"Yes; but if your model should return, cause his detention till I can arrive. Do this, if you are obliged to arrest him upon a false charge."

The artist promised to obey the injunction of his best patron, and the affected Judge took his leave.

Thanks to efficient physicians, he found his only child beyond danger, and anxiously looked forward to her complete restoration to health.

He was determined to find the preserver of her life, as well as the child of one whom he loved with all the ardor of the first holy passion that ever took possession of his heart. He placed several skillful detectives upon the trail of the Rag King, and anxiously and impatiently awaited results.

That boy must be found!

It was night, and in a small room upon the second floor of a tenement, the unceasing click, click of a sewing-machine was heard.

The apartment was easy of access, it standing at the head of a stair, terminating in a hall, which, ever open, invited loungers in from the street.

At the sewing-machine sat a young girl, apparently seventeen years of age, beautiful, but exceedingly pale.

A companion sat at her side. He was about her own age, quite handsome, and clad in a clean suit of the cheapest material to be had in the city. His clothes attested poverty, and his face, though handsome and intelligent, bore traces of a checkered life.

"Eva," he said, toying with the girl's raven hair which lay upon her shoulders, "don't you think we could get along better if we were to marry? We'd feel more like taking care of one another."

The Cindirella feet cease to move the shuttle; the *petite* hands left the table; and a myriad of blushes covered the girl's face.

The boy repeated his question.

"I have long thought of it, Reginald," she said at last; "but I was not the one to broach the subject."

"You were waiting for me to speak! God bless you, Eva," he cried, with manly earnestness. "Yes, we will marry, however poor we be. Something will transpire for our welfare. You can earn a little something on the machine, and I know that, clad in these new clothes, purchased by you with hours of toil, I can find employment. Reginald Holcomb has ceased to reign as the Rag King. He—"

Wide flew the door, and a detective, followed by Richard Moncton, confronted the lovers.

"There's your chap," said the detective, pointing to Reginald Holcomb; "I hardly knew him yesterday with his new clothes on."

The young man did not avoid the banker, who stepped forward, took his hand, and poured forth his gratitude for the preservation of Clara's life.

"Boy," he suddenly said, "are you not Ethel Wainwood's son?"

"I am."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead, sir; the cholera marked her as its victim."

Again the Judge was moved, and when he became calm he addressed the youth:

"What can I do for you? Speak. Any thing you ask at my hands is yours."

Reginald hesitated not.

"I want work, so that I can earn a living for Eva, here, when we marry."

"Have you an education?"

"Father gave me a good one before the wave of pecuniary misfortune overwhelmed us."

Pleased with the information, the Judge bade the trio good-night.

Here was a chance to reward a noble man, and atone for the great sin of his life. The following day, Reginald Holcomb assumed the duties of a banker's clerk. Under the eye of Judge Moncton his advancement is rapid, and he and Eva, happily married, live in neatly furnished apartments in the metropolis.

And upon his walls hangs a picture, by Roger Chidester, called, "A Poor Wretch."

But last week he was a guest at the wedding of the woman he saved.

On the Brink;

OR,

ADDIE'S TRIP TO LONG BRANCH.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I WONDER if another girl living in this nineteenth century would dare attempt what I am going to do?"

Addie Gresham smiled to herself as she mentally asked the question—a smile that betrayed the beauty of her white, even teeth, the dimple in her cheek, the perfect curve of her scarlet-bowed lips.

"I am glad I am an oddity," she went on, half-thinking, half-speaking, and her fair white hands lying in statuesque idleness on the letter she had been reading. "I am glad I am, because it will take all my 'eccentricity,' all my courage, too, I'm inclined to think; certainly any amount of contriving and scheming, to make this trip a success. And I'll do it!"

A little transient gleam of reddish fire shot from her violet eyes; then she took up, with a languid sort of grace that characterized all her movements, the open letter, and re-read it.

"Addie, dear," it said, "if grandma can spare you, suppose you come to us for a month, anyhow—say July. Guy insists there is plenty of room in 'Sea View Cot' for you, maid, and all the beaux who will swarm after you. Of course, what Guy says is law; so we'll expect you by the first."

SISTER MAY.

A curious little smile flitted over those Cupid-bowed lips—a smile so like a sneer that, for the instant it lasted, you would have called Addie Gresham a horribly wicked woman.

Then the matchless violet eyes closed partly, and she leaned back against the bamboo chair.

"Certainly not a very cordial invitation from my charming sister, Mrs. Forrester. Perhaps a more sensitive soul would shrink from accepting the hospitality so coolly offered by Mistress May, and so warmly insisted upon by her handsome, gallant husband! Thank my presiding genius, I'm not sensitive."

She was looking dreamily out over the quiet country landscape; green fields and waving grasses; gently-swaying trees, and a cloudless sky. She could hear, near by her study window, the low, soft twittering of birds; further off, the dim, nameless noises of honest, busy toil. Altogether that perfect, breezy June afternoon should have brought all womanly, serious thoughts to Addie Gresham's heart; but she slowly, gracefully arose from the contemplation of the quiet, picturesque landscape, with a hard glitter in her eyes.

"Sometimes I am weary almost to death of such a life; so that I forget—ah! one thing I never will forget, May Gresham Forrester! that you try to patronize me, the poor sister, because you succeeded in winning Guy Forrester from me, who would have enjoyed his wealth, instead of being asked to 'stay a month' I'll not forget that, sister mine, nor shall you!"

She went on down the stairs, so calm and emotionless you never would have believed she was a woman of such passion as her solitary moments betrayed. She had her will, her feelings, her very features, under such perfect command that the sight of a sheeted ghost could not have thrown her into an alarm, or an expression of it; much less, then, the certainly very unexpected sight of Stuart Sydney, who came out of the homely little parlor as she passed the door.

He laid both hands on her shoulders. "Addie, my own—am I less welcome because I came unsummoned to hear the answer from you that will make me the proudest man living?"

She suffered a bright smile to shine from her wondrous eyes, and her lips parted in a welcome.

"I am always glad to see you, Stuart. I think you know that."

She was so cool; he so impassioned. "But tell me, do tell me, Addie, the words I am starving to hear. Are you going to be my wife? Won't you, Addie?"

Her eyes had gone wandering through the open front door again, and she was thinking something dreadful; yet her mouth was so sweetly set, her face so quiet in its perfect womanliness of expression, that you never would have dreamed she was measuring the two men—this Stuart Sydney, her unaccepted lover, with Guy Forrester, her only, own sister's husband.

But, she was doing that; and she decided, without a pang of conscience, that she loved Guy Forrester as she never could this other. She would go to Long Branch; they would be thrown together; she loved him so, perhaps the old—

Then she turned to Sydney, and raised her eyes to his eager face.

"You have come too soon, Stuart. I promised you my decision the first of July; I am not prepared to give it, and it will be better—perhaps for you—if you let me have till the first of August to think it over."

"Oh, Addie!"

His words expressed a volume of surprise and disappointment.

"I am going to my sister May for the month; at Long Branch, you remember, they have their cottage. You can come to me on the first of August, or I will write to you."

He was fain to be content with her, because she was determined, because he loved her.

And Addie Gresham packed her two trunks, and went to Long Branch—to make Guy Forrester a false man to his wife.

A petite, pretty woman, with violet eyes, like her sister Addie's, only that a tender love-light shone in them; great masses of burnished golden hair; that was what you saw first and admired in little Mrs. Guy Forrester.

She had just made her toilette for the evening, that was to be a quiet one at home—there had been so few since Addie came—and very charmingly she looked in her blue and white summer silk, with the waxen camellia in her braids; even the handsome, thoughtless, yet, withal, loving husband of hers admired her, as he looked at her in the toilette glass, while he was adjusting a jaunty little lavender silk tie sister Addie had made him that afternoon.

Mrs. Forrester was sitting by the window, looking out over the expanse of mighty waters; a brooding sorrow in her eyes, and just the faintest vestige of a frown on her forehead. Then she sighed.

"What's the matter, May, petite?"

It was a cheery, kind voice Guy had.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Didn't I ask you?"

He laughed to her in the glass.

"It's Addie! Oh, Guy, if she only would let you alone. I just knew how it would be!"

"How what would be?"

His face was stern and just a trifle guilty.

"Why the rides, and the bathing, and the promenades on the beach—in the moonlight, too—and I at home alone! Guy, I tell you, I'm jealous, and Addie Gresham shall go home, if she is my sister."

And the little wife grew flushed and tearful in her righteous indignation.

"But, surely, I must show courteous attention to your guest and sister."

"And your old betrothed! But not without me, Guy! Indeed, you don't know how you hurt me!"

Then the gust of tears came, that had been accumulating during the three weeks of torture she had undergone.

And Guy, not without a flush of shame, reproved her harshly, and went down to see if Addie was ready for a drive down the beach behind his darling grays.

"May has a headache, I suppose—her face is red, anyhow. Let me help you in, Addie."

And off they went, the keen, strong sea breeze bringing delicious roses to Addie's cheeks.

"I am going home on Saturday, Guy: May told you?"

"What? So soon? Addie, there's no need of that; there's plenty of room at the cottage."

"I know that, Guy; but May wants to get rid of me."

She spoke in her own peculiarly confidential tone, that in those old, old times had sent such thrills to this man's heart. And it was the same now; and she knew it.

"May hates me, Guy; but do you think she can feel as I feel?—she, the winner, I—the loser!"

She swallowed the sob that was coming; it was a masterpiece of acting; and then the tears rushed to her eyes. She dashed them off with her laced handkerchief.

"Addie—do not—I beg! Consent to stay longer with us—with me, Addie."

His conscience was suddenly smothered; he forgot that girl-wife weeping at home; he only remembered he was beside this woman, as beautiful as a Clytie, whose love had once been his dream.

He laid his hand on hers; both were throbbing wildly.

"With you, Guy? If I only could be with you forever—without her."

It was a bold stroke, and her heart suffocated her as she murmured the low, passionate words. Like a revelation of light her emphasis struck him.

"My God, Addie Gresham, what do you mean—she, your sister, my wife, my darling, my only treasure?"

It seemed he could utter no words strong enough regarding May. This revulsion of feeling had swept every thought from his mind, save that he had almost broken his wife's heart—that he was just saved himself on the very brink.

He goaded the horses to a mad gallop, and never spoke to Addie all the way home.

Then he sprang from the carriage, and bade a passing acquaintance assist the lady down—he was in a hurry.

Then he sought little May—and we drop the curtain between us and them. Suffice it, that a cloud never afterward dimmed her sweet face on Guy's account.

And Addie Gresham knew she had played the wrong card; so, calm, passionless, she packed her trunks again, and sought the earliest train for New York, after telegraphing to Stuart Sydney to go to the country home for her answer.

She was a thoroughly wicked woman, and her seared conscience gave her no trouble nor shame.

There was a pitiful emptiness in her heart, she knew, but Stuart Sydney would be better to love than no one—as if she, in whose veins flowed liquid, unholily fire, knew aught of love.

So she went back to the quiet country she so loathed, to wait till Stuart Sydney should take her away. Then came a letter, that said only this:

"Not for ten thousand worlds would I have for my wife the woman who dare violate her womanhood as you have done. I know all—how, you ever will learn."

STUART SYDNEY.

With the same stolid calmness she always evinced she read the letter, and smiled that sneering smile that so disgusted her.

When the old grandmother came up to summon her to the frugal supper, she saw her still sitting where she left her hours before; called to her fearful account, with the sneer on her lips, and a defiance in her very attitude that, in death, even, forbore to admit she was hunted down.

Gale-Driven.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

WHEN in command of the Golden Lily, a steamer that plied between the open ports on the east coast of China, I chanced to make the acquaintance of an American gentleman in Hong Kong who, with his family, had resided for some years on that pestiferous isle.

Captain, Doctor Kane recommends me to send Carrie a trip up the coast, for she's been ailing very much of late, as this climate does not suit her. My business won't spare me, and my wife dreads a sea-voyage so much that I thought I'd ask you if you'd be kind enough to take charge of my daughter during a trip to Fu-chau and back," said Mr. Carleton, entering my cabin one August morning, on which my vessel was lying at her moorings off the city of Victoria.

I assured my friend that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accede to his request, and promised that I would do my utmost to make the journey an agreeable one to his daughter, whom I hoped change and sea air would benefit. We made all necessary arrangements over his dinner-table that evening, and when the Golden Lily steamed through the Lyceum, en route for Swatow, Miss Carleton stood beside me on the bridge.

Carrie was one of the acknowledged belles of Victoria, and a prettier or nicer girl it would have been difficult to discover anywhere. She had just attained her twentieth year and was blooming into a most beautiful woman. She was tall, well-proportioned and very graceful. Her face was a delicate oval, and every feature of it was exquisitely chiseled. Her large, lustrous blue eyes would one moment be sparkling with vivacity, the next hiding coyly behind their golden veil of lashes; her sweet, rosy lips, shaped like a Cupid's coral bow, when parted, revealed two perfect rows of pearly teeth, which seemed to produce the silvery ring that made her laughter sound like a seraph's song; and the clustering glory of golden hair that she permitted to flow in unrestrained abandon over her swan-like neck, flung to the sun a sheen out rivaling his own. I was very fond of Carrie, for, in addition to her beauty, she possessed talents and intelligence of a very high order, and I looked forward to an unusually agreeable voyage, for I knew how much I should enjoy the society of such a charming and amiable passenger.

The weather, though fine, was very sultry, so Carrie did not care to go ashore at Swatow, where nothing worthy of observation was to be found; but, on arriving at Amoy, I stole a few hours from ship's duty and accompanied her on a tour of inspection through the city, and a pony-ride out to the race-course near Que-moy; I had hoped, in the interest of the owners of the Golden Lily, to have obtained a "grand chop" from the custom-house authorities, permitting us to load and sail on Sunday; but, being unsuccessful, I determined to devote that day to my fair passenger, of whom I was hourly growing more enamored than ever.

"Would you like to go for a sail in my gig this afternoon, Miss Carleton?" I said, as we sat at "tiffin" in the ornate saloon.

"I should indeed, Captain Carter; but, I am sufficiently familiar with nautical mat-

ters to know that this is the sailor's day of rest, and I should not like to cheat the boat-men out of their holiday," she replied.

"Well, if you are not afraid to intrust yourself solely to my care, it will not be needful for any of my men to accompany us, as I have had my gig rigged in such a manner that I can easily manage her myself," I said.

There was a comical expression in Carrie's eyes as she glanced into my face, and I felt that the little puss had partly divined the secret of my heart.

"I am sure to be safe wherever I go with you, captain, and I should like a sail exceedingly," she demurely replied.

"Well the second mate to get my gig ready, the masts stepped and the sails in trim, Mr. Fenwick," I said, addressing the chief officer, as we arose from the table; and, steward, put some claret, biscuits and fruit in the locker of the boat, for sea air is appetizing and always makes me thirsty," I added, turning to an almond-eyed celestial who presided over the Golden Lily's cuisine.

"Your gig is alongside, sir," reported the second mate, shortly afterward.

Miss Carleton came out of her berth, tastefully arrayed in a croquet jacket and jockey-hat, looking bewitchingly beautiful, the salutiferous sea-breezes having already restored the roses to her cheeks.

"I'm all ready, captain," she said.

I handed her down the gangway ladder and carefully encoined her in the stern-sheets of my pretty boat, which was a long six-oared gig that I had caused to be fitted with two lateen sails—the Chinese rig—so that I could easily handle her, even in a squall, without any assistance.

A cool, fresh breeze was blowing through the narrow channel that separates Kow-lung-sea from the island of Amoy and forms the harbor of that port, and as it distended the snowy sails of my swift-gliding craft she bounded over the scintillant surges, flinging from her bows showers of sun-jeweled spray as she merrily clove the water-crested waves asunder. I had to tack over in the channel, in order to clear Kow-lung-sea, after that we sailed down toward the Brother's Islands with a leading wind. Carrie was in ecstasies, and her laugh rung merrily as marriage-bells across the smiling sea.

"Would you like to go right beyond the Chaw-chats and obtain a glimpse of Chapel Island?" We can clear the reef on this tack and run back with a fair wind," I said, appealing to my pretty companion.

"Oh, yes, please, captain! This is so much nicer than stewing aboard the steamer, for, without wishing to say anything in disparagement of her, an odor of engine grease always pervades her," she replied.

I sailed the gig carefully past the dangerous Chaw-Chat reef, and then, knowing no danger lay before us, abandoned myself to the pleasant pastime of conversing upon things in general with my erudite and entertaining enslaver.

"Why, where's all the wind gone to?" cried Carrie, suddenly.

I had been paying so much attention to the young lady and so little to my duty as helmsman that I never noticed that the breeze was dying rapidly away, until Miss Carleton drew my attention to the shivering sails, and then I saw, too, to my dismay, that the breeze had waned utterly away, and dark, angry clouds were rising above the northern horizon.

"Can you pull an oar, Carrie?" I had long since dropped the conventional "Miss."

"Of course I can! Papa taught me to row on the Hudson, years ago," she replied.

"Well, try your hand now, but do not over-exert yourself. I am afraid my carelessness and your consideration has got us into a little scrape. I ought to have looked out for the wind falling, knowing we had no hands with us to row us back to the steamer."

I lowered the lateen sails upon the thwarts, Carrie took stroke-oar, and I numbed the oars, and we pulled for a short distance steadily enough. But the young lady's strength soon gave out, and I abandoned the idea of being able to reach port without wind, so re-hoisted the sails and stoically awaited the advent of a breeze. The clouds to the northward rose higher and higher, dark-purple masses, arched in the center—a sure prognostication of a heavy blow—and my anxiety momentarily increased. Mentally, I cursed my folly in having ventured so far out to sea without a crew, and incurred for my invalid passenger the risk of getting drenched, if nothing worse. Suddenly a vivid flash of electric light lit up the center of the cloud-bank, and a few seconds subsequently large drops of rain came pattering down.

"We're in for it, Carrie," I cried, in as cheerful a tone as I could assume.

"I don't mind getting a little wet; I feel quite safe with you," she replied.

I guessed what was coming, and determined to be prepared for it. Quickly as possible, I lowered the sails, close-reefed them both—and hoisted two cloths of the Chinese rig—and hoisted a moment too soon, for, hardly had I hitched the halyards when a gust swept so fiercely down that it caused the boat to careen violently, and sent the spray hissing over the surface of the erst-while pulseless sea. By my directions, Carrie hoisted a single cloth of the main-sail, and I tried to keep the light craft head to sea; but the violence of the gale so rapidly increased that I had to abandon the attempt as too perilous, and was necessitated to follow the only other course open, which was to run before the onrushing storm. Down in blinding torrents poured the rain, hissing and seething like molten lead, as it fell into the white-crested waves that foamed and tossed about our fragile bark, threatening it with destruction, us with death. Forked flames flashed over us, the loud peals of "heaven's dread artillery" deafened us, and the noise of the bursting surges, mingling with the howling of the wind, seemed to chant a dirge over my darling, who, half-paralyzed with fear, crouched close beside me, trembling and pale.

I put my hand into the locker and drew forth a bottle of cognac, of which I knocked the neck ere I proffered it to Carrie. She, by pantomime, for our voices were drowned in the din of the warring elements, refused it; but, afterward, took a mouthful of the potent spirit, doubtless surmising that I had good reasons for wishing her to imbibe it. I drank a small quantity myself, and then awaited the coming of the end, for I knew that we were driving directly ashore.

Soon a vivid flash of lightning displayed to my gaze a sandy beach ahead, upon which the sea rolled and broke in foamy cataracts. Carrie sat also, and lifted her sweet, sad eyes to mine. I could not resist

the impulse that prompted me at that moment, with death staring us in the face. I did not dream of impropriety. I drew the beautiful girl closer to my breast and pressed a chaste kiss on her smooth, wet brow. Then the boat was uplifted by a giant billow that came bursting along, was poised for a moment on its arching crest, then overturned, and my love and I left floundering in the surf.

I was a strong swimmer; I caught my darling by her golden curls and drew her fair head upon my shoulder. With the salt foam gurgling in my throat, the cruel waves trying to beat us down to death, I struggled manfully to reach the surf-washed strand. Once I felt ground beneath my feet, but the receding surges drew me back into the raging flood; then one billow, mightier and more merciful than the rest, came grandly on with giant strength and hurled us high up on the slippery sand. With tottering limbs, I staggered up the beach and placed my bonny burden beyond reach of the grasping waves that sought to steal her life. Carrie was unconscious, and I feared that she was dead; I knew I knew she was not, but I was in dread lest she might have sustained some injury from the violence with which the life-giving wave had hurled us ashore. I knelt beside her and I chafed her hands; I kissed her sweet lips, and besought her in impassioned tones to once more "wake and bless my sight."

Slowly, at length, she unsealed her lustrous eyes and shed upon me a smile of such ineffable sweetness, that I thanked God aloud, in the fullness of my joy, that my darling had been spared.

A huge boulder of indurated granite, lying a short distance from the beach, afforded us shelter under its lee from the rude violence of the still raging storm. Crouched beside her, dripping and *deggo*, I told Carrie of my love, told her how, amid the dangers that had so lately encompassed us, my affection for her had nerve my arm and sustained my drooping energies, whispered words of worship into her attentive ear, asked her to be my wife. And she, listening with half-averted face until the recital of my longings, my passion, my hopes was ended, suddenly lifted her loving lips to mine, and so our troth was sealed.

Half an hour later the rain ceased to fall, and, dreading lest we should be benighted near the beach, for the evening shadows were gathering around us, we started for a village, the red, cornuted roofs of the houses in which we could discern amid a grove of umbrageous trees a few miles distant. It was no easy task to gain this haven of refuge, for the heavy rain had moistened the sandy soil, and while water-courses, and down which white, foaming torrents rushed, frequently arrested our progress. But, soon after nightfall, the yelping of a host of dogs proclaimed our proximity to the habitations of men, and the first native whom we met kindly conducted us to a temple, where we were accorded a cordial welcome by the disciples of Budh, who held office therein.

The following morning, the storm having entirely abated, a guide conducted us to a fishing-village on the coast, at which place I was enabled to charter a small boat to convey us back to Amoy. After a somewhat protracted passage, we arrived all safe in port, and great was the jubilation aboard the Golden Lily when Carrie and I appeared once more upon her deck.

A few months subsequently I led my darling to the altar of St. John's Cathedral in Hong Kong, and, ere we quitted the sacred edifice, she was my cherished bride.

Since then we have experienced the trials and troubles, the joys and delights which are concomitants to existence on this earth; but, living for each other, loving well, we have never had cause to regret the day on which we linked our lives and destinies.

The Avenging Angels:

OR,
THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.
A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CONFLICT.

WHEN the smoke from the rifles and muskets cleared away, it was found that the death alluded to above was the only one on the side of our friends; while, on that of their foes, three corpses, lying flat on their faces, showed how, but for the warning signal of Carcajo, the surprise of the ambushade would have been complete.

Any desire to revenge themselves on the savage Shawnee was out of the question at the moment, as during the confusion he had disappeared.

Despite the lashings which confined his arms, his legs were at liberty, and he had made good use of them.

This, however, was only a matter of consequence because he knew the number of their forces. He knew nothing of their plans, or a word of the expected and promised reinforcements, so that he would do far less harm than good.

The conflict was, however, begun, and little time was given for thought.

A scout detached on each wing next instant announced that the men in the ambushade, who had been very few in number, had departed. These warriors had crawled round to where they could get a good view behind the peon bushes.

The Shawnees had departed, even abandoning their dead.

Kenewa pushed forward at once. Every instant he expected to hear sounds to indicate that the smaller parties were engaged, as he knew the Shawnees well enough to be aware that they would try and cut off the smaller bands ere they all rushed upon the greater.

But Kenewa had confidence in his associates, and hence hurried to where he had every reason to believe that the most serious part of this battle would be fought.

He had noticed, while scouring the forest, a wind-row, where, many years before, one of those cyclones which visit the American forests had laid low a whole mass of forest trees for the extent of about a mile, with a width of about a hundred yards.

The trees had fallen, uprooted bodily by the force of the tempest—and there they lay, dead and decaying, to fertilize the land and prepare the way for that mysterious principle of life of which they had been deprived.

Kenewa had observed a position which appeared to him likely to suit his plans. It was a piece of high ground commanding

the wind-row. This he at length reached without molestation, again listening for the expected sounds of hostility.

But the most provoking stillness prevailed, and nothing was audible except the sighing of the wind, that began to sweep over the bosom of the forest in powerful gusts.

Kenewa, having secreted his men, stalked from tree to tree until he reached the utmost limit of the forest, on the edge of the wind-row.

He looked cautiously about. On the trunk of a fallen tree was a small bough of oak, cut something like an arrow. The thick end was toward Kenewa, the point toward a dense thicket of fir and oaks mixed.

Kenewa crawled back on his hands and knees to where his men were located. As soon as he had rejoined them, he pointed with his rifle barrel to the thicket.

Next instant every rifle was discharged, and yells and groans sufficiently indicated that Kenewa's scouts had served him well indeed.

But now came such a volley from the point assailed, and from every other imaginable covert, as soon showed that the great force of the enemy were here collected, and that the Rattlesnake would have all he could do to hold his own.

His men were placed in the very best position whence to fire without being wounded; and, as all had excellent weapons, they might hope to hold out until the hoped-for reinforcement came up.

They were now about half a mile from the village, so that those they were doing battle for could clearly hear them.

For some time the Shawnees and Hurons exchanged shots from a distance, without doing one another much harm. They took aim at arms, shoulders, legs—any projection which came in view—but without serious damage.

This could not last. Indians, to a certain extent, are cold-blooded, and take time to warm to the proper heat for hand-to-hand conflict.

The Shawnees soon, however, began to exhibit signs of impatience, and, after having drawn the fire of the Hurons on one occasion, made a dash across the wind-row, disdaining the covert of even the moldering relics of the dead trees which, in every state of decay, rose on end, as in a plantation where the hand of man has produced a similar result from girdling.

The Hurons, with a grim smile, loaded quietly, though there would be scarcely time to do so ere they were hand to hand with quite three times their number.

"To your cover, warriors, and strike for scalp and glory," cried the Rattlesnake. Each man obeyed, and, as their bullets were rammed home, hastily looked to their priming.

They were to fire, each picking out his man, and then trust to tomahawk and knife. But what hope could there be?

Kenewa hearkened still for the promised reinforcements, and then, with a last kindly thought for Matata, the girl of his heart, prepared for the desperate death-struggle.

The Shawnees were thirty paces distant, dashing through the rotten cover, and near some long, low, moss-covered piles, which were scattered about like memorials of a former and long-departed generation; in reality, huge trees, once the monarchs of the forest, now buried beneath decaying verdure.

The Hurons took careful aim and fired, after which their guns were cast away, and all prepared for the hand-to-hand conflict, when, like an echo of their volley, first one, and then another, made them start, while from four different points of the forest came the well-known crack of the Win-ton rifle.

The Shawnees, persuaded that they had been led into a fearful ambush, took hastily to their heels, though both Theoderigo and the furious Carcajo did all in their power to restrain them.

All red-skins are, however, notoriously easily startled, and will yield to a panic far more readily than many far less brave men.

While this flight was taking place, Roland came rushing up with his party, followed next moment by the purely Indian division. Tom Smith, young Mason, Humphreys, and the judge, remained in their secret bush, whence they had spoken with such terrible effect upon the Shawnees.

Kenewa welcomed his friends with a grave smile. They had come up at a moment when all was on the hazard of a die, and when any hesitation on the part of the detached bands would have been fatal to the whole expedition.

"Shall we not dash on?" cried Roland, whose blood was up and whose cheek was flushed, while his eye darted fire.

"My brother is unwise," said Kenewa, in a low whisper; "the Shawnees are three to one, and the leaves of the trees are red with the blood of my people. They would not follow."

"True, true; but I am so impatient to know the situation of the girls."

"They are in the hands of the Manitou," said Kenewa.

"Steve?" cried Roland.

"My brother has said."

"Brave, noble Steve!" said the young officer; "and yet, if he is attacked, what can he do alone?"

"Defend them to the last gasp, and then—" The Rattlesnake, whose eyes were bloodshot with suppressed passion, passed his hand round his throat in a significant manner.

Roland shuddered and closed his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible spectacle.

"This better so," he said. "Steve is right. But if we fail we shall never see them again."

No further

defense, Kenewa and six picked warriors crawled in the direction of the ambush.

About ten warriors had collected in a small thicket. It was they who had taken such fatal aim.

These the Rattlesnake determined to dislodge at all events. The Huron chief, who, with all his allies, was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, resolved to make the Shawnees win victory dearly.

In a few minutes the rifles spoke from the corner, and the two parties were engaged. The Shawnees were surprised, but not disheartened. They began to retreat, but Kenewa, darting from tree to tree, pressed close upon them.

The retreat became a rout. But a rout very nearly fatal to Kenewa; for the sound of muskets and rifles brought reinforcements, and ere long the Hurons doggedly and determinedly retreated before the overwhelming force.

When he regained the open glade the scene was one to dishearten any chief.

His men were firing as fast as they could load, but many were wounded, some were dead, and everywhere the Shawnees were closing up around them.

With a bound like that of a panther, Kenewa leaped into their midst and gave the defiant war-whoop of his tribe, which was responded to by his people with a vigor and animation that showed how little they had lost of determination with their blood, which ran like water.

But louder, indeed, was the yell that came from the other side—enough to have appalled men less accustomed to such fearful sounds, which, to Roland, excited as he was, appeared to emanate from Pandemonium.

Again the combat was renewed. But there was one result patent to all. The chances were every minute more and more unfavorable to the Hurons.

The outlying Avengers were driven in. The whole party were collected together to do or die.

The older men among the wounded began some of the wild chants of their race, grim and ghastly, from the very hideousness of their sounds.

Roland and Kenewa exchanged glances. They were behind the same tree, whence they could see the whole battle-field.

"My friend," said the young captain of the Backwood Avengers, "all is being done, all has been done, that man can do, but fate is against us. What say you?"

"Ere the moon rises our scalps will wave before the tents of Theanderigo and Carcajou."

Roland took his hand. "My brave friend, I see I have brought you and your tribe to this. Would that we had never met!"

"There is no fault on the side of my brother. Brave men, like all others, must die. Our hour is come."

"But we will not die unavenged," said Roland, in a hollow tone, as he aimed at Carcajou, at that moment incautiously exposing himself.

"Halt—stop!" whispered Kenewa. The Rattlesnake stood erect, his head slightly on one side, his two fingers raised for silence.

Then he gave a whispered order in a dialect which, as sacred, was known only to the warriors of his tribe.

A moment later an article was resorted to common among all red-skins, and yet which, if executed promptly, generally has the same result.

Every man whirled round his own tree. The temptation was too great. Nearly every Shawnee emptied his rifle at the dark, dusky, swarthy forms.

Then there was a terrible clangor, a fearful storm of yells from the Hurons, and—

One hundred and fifty warriors burst upon the wind-row, driving the Shawnees before them on every side, with scarcely the loss of a man!

The reinforcement had arrived! With this successful dash against the Shawnees the combat for the moment ceased, and had the enemy known the utter prostration and fatigue from which the warriors had suffered, they might have been tempted to make a more determined stand.

The reinforcement under Red Jacket had left their horses behind them, and hearing the tremendous volleys in the forest, had rushed, as the crow flies, to the assistance of their comrades.

They now halted, victorious, as they rested upon the battle-field.

Some of the best runners were now sent forward, who speedily returned with the news that the Shawnees were collected on the side of a hill at no great distance, where, in company with the Bandits of the Scioto, they were preparing for a murderous contest.

That the Hurons did not follow up their victory probably astonished them, but most likely they guessed the reason.

The warriors were now all seated on the grass, quietly eating dried maize and jerked beef, as if no enemy had been within miles. This refreshing repast, as all were fatigued, and many of them wounded.

The dead were decently covered up with bushes, until the strife was decided, when they would receive proper burial or be given to the ravens, as the fortune of war turned for or against them.

An hour passed, and any white stranger journeying through the woods, where the sparrows twittered among the stunted bushes and the grasshopper sung in the grass, would indeed have been startled to enter within the precincts of the camp, where lay some hundred and fifty dusky and other forms, as if in their last sleep.

The Indians had imposed upon themselves one hour's strict repose, and not one of them, even the most impatient, would have ventured to move during that period.

The whites, from policy, as well as from fatigue, imitated their example.

Suddenly Kenewa rose. A low murmur passed round the throne, and the hundred and fifty warriors stood erect and firm to their guns, eager and burning for the fray.

The orders to march were given silently. The Indians were now commanded by Indians. Roland, with the whole of his Backwood Avengers, except Steve, kept close to Kenewa, covering him more than he was aware of by their rifles.

They knew where the enemy were, and, with a desire to obtain the first shot, advanced with extreme caution until they were within point-blank shot of one another.

The Hurons now crawled like snakes in the long grass.

Captain Roland now collected his men in a thicket, and succumbing in this conflict to Indian habits, placed them where they could see without being seen.

Now began one of those combats almost impossible to be described, as each man fights on "his own hook." In ordinary warfare, where armies meet armies, the adversaries face one another; and if slaughter be wholesale, valor, discipline, and bottom win the day.

In this contest no man saw his enemy, but only a bit of him—such as an arm, a foot, or a protuberant hind-quarter; while others were obliged to direct their aim by the little wreaths of white smoke that gracefully curled up from the guns.

To all appearance, such a conflict was but a desultory and futile discharge of guns; but had it been more closely examined into, it would have been seen that the result was deadly.

The Hurons were now advancing. Now a tree was gained, now a bush, now a hill-lock, proclaiming that victory was leaning to the side of the Avengers.

The latter advanced in the center of the line, obeying, as one man, the directions of Kenewa, through the mouth of Roland, who in all things watched the General.

Presently, however, as the ground became more even, the combat appeared to be getting more equal. The warriors were nearer one to the other, and the volleys seemed more regular and murderous; while the war-whoop, the taunt, the bitter laugh, rose from both sides.

Each party was trying to make the other rise and charge, in which case the one which reserved its fire would have the better chance.

But for some time no provocation could draw one from cover.

This could not last; and presently a general volley was given, after which the whole yelling body of Indians—Shawnee and Huron—rushed headlong at one another, armed with knife and tomahawk.

The Bandits of the Scioto stood aloof, picking off the Hurons with merciless aim.

Roland, who had been about to rush on, took caution from his worst foes, and bade his Avengers pick off the leading warriors of the Shawnees.

"Guv it 'em boys, and the gals is ours," shouted Tom Smith.

The conflict was now fiercer, but the sound of rifles being continually fired, and the sight of men shot down when almost in the act of slaying an enemy, soon cooled the vindictive exultation of the red-skins, who again ran to that cover from which, according to their better judgment, they should never have moved.

Night was coming on. The foes had literally fought from the rising to the setting of the sun. Scarcely a man but who was severely wounded, the blood staining the garments of all.

This, however, only aroused the worst passions of Indian nature. Each man who suffered from a cut or flesh wound only desired all the more to inflict one on his neighbor.

The hand-to-hand conflict had lasted not more than five minutes, after which the Shawnees sought cover. The Hurons only rushed back to take up and load their guns, ere they once more pressed upon the fugitives.

Roland grew impatient. This prolonged contest, in which cunning and good shooting took the place of valor and discipline, had chafed his spirit; and, taking advantage of a momentary confusion, he pushed forward with the whole of his rifles, in the direction of the village, following a low run to the right, nor stopped until he had taken up a position in the rear of the Shawnees, opposite a spot they must cross in their retreat to the village.

Kenewa saw what appeared the desertion of his friend with a dry smile.

He guessed what feelings prompted him, and only regretted that his dignity as a warrior, and his forced compliance with Indian customs compelled him to act with circumspection and caution.

When Roland advanced, followed in cautious Indian file by the Backwood Avengers, who were sufficiently experienced in backward ranging and forest fighting to take the ordinary precautions, Kenewa armed his men afresh, saw that they were loaded, and then gave the command.

They were, each man individually, to press forward, picking out an adversary; but at any price to drive the foe from the margin of the opposite thicket, where the Shawnees clung to their covers with some such obstinacy as is evinced by hunted brutes.

When, however, the Rattlesnake charged at the head of his men, the somewhat demoralized and disorganized Shawnees did not stand as might have been expected.

Now an Indian charge and one we understand it in civilized warfare are very different things. In the one instance, men move forward, bayonet fixed and gun in hand, in a line; while Indians advance walking or running from tree to tree, inflicting as much injury and suffering as little as possible.

Kenewa was compelled, though writing with anxiety and deep feeling, to moderate his ardor, lest, obtaining a character for rashness, his followers had suddenly ceased to obey him—an event of not unfrequent occurrence in Indian warfare.

But the Rattlesnake, during his long intercourse with the whites, had not only been much humanized by association with such gentle beings as Ella and Ettie, but had allowed those passions which are inherent in our nature to develop themselves far more than was consistent with Indian stoicism and a character for cunning—which is deceit—that, above all, an Indian warrior delights in.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

Sporting Scenes.

PREPARATORY.—The subject of hunting is one which has a peculiar interest for the people of this country. So large a portion of our territory, even in the most thickly settled States, is still covered with forest abounding in game of different varieties, that almost every citizen occasionally becomes a sportsman or a hunter; and those who never engage in sports of this kind, nevertheless, are more or less entertained by the narratives of those who have distinguished themselves in forest and field.

To such of our young readers as have never had an opportunity of engaging in such sports as are recorded in these papers, as well as to those who have seen and felt all the charms of the hunter's life, we present this series of adventures and sketches, prepared for their benefit and instruction.

S. M. F.

THE POLAR BEAR.

Or all the carnivorous animals belonging to the family of *plantigrades*, (animals supported in walking on the entire sole of the foot) the most singular is the Polar Bear.

This formidable animal occupies the icy zone, sometimes extending its excursions southward to the shores of Hudson's Bay and Labrador, and appears also on the northern coasts of Asia and Europe. Abyssinia, Syria, Thibet and Sumatra have each different species.

The Polar Bear is generally from six to eight feet long. The fur is long and white, with a tinge of yellow, which becomes darker as the animal advances in age; the ears are small and round, and the head long. He walks heavily, and appears very clumsy in his motions; but, nevertheless, he is an expert swimmer, and altogether at home when on the ice.

During an Arctic exploring expedition of Captain John Ross, the ships Alexander and Isabella, in the year of 1818, two of these bears swam off to the ships, which were at the distance of six miles from the land, awaiting the return of some of the party that had landed on a neighboring island. They reached the Alexander, and were immediately attacked by the boats of that ship, and killed. One, which was shot through the head, unfortunately sunk; the other, on being wounded, attacked the boats and showed some considerable fury, but was at length secured and towed to the Isabella by the boats of both ships. The animal weighed eleven hundred and thirty-one and one-half pounds, besides the blood it had lost, which was estimated at thirty pounds more.

On the next day, Lieutenant Parry, of the ship Alexander, on ascending to the top of a huge iceberg which he had been examining, was surprised to find an enormous white bear in quiet possession of the mass, who, much to his mortification and astonishment, plunged without hesitation into the sea from the edge of the precipice, which was fifty feet high.

On one occasion, during Captain Parry's second voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions, a very large bear was discovered lying on a piece of ice, and two boats were instantly sent off in chase. They approached very closely before he took to the water, when he swam rapidly, and made long springs, turning boldly to face his pursuers. It was with difficulty he was captured. As these animals, although very fat and bulky, sink the instant they die, he was lashed to a boat and brought alongside the ship. On hoisting him in, they were astonished to find that his weight exceeded sixteen hundred pounds, being one of the largest ever killed.

Two instances, only, of larger bears being shot are recorded, and these were by Barents's crew, in his third voyage, at Cherie Island, to which they gave the name of Bear Island. The two bears killed there, this one only measured eight feet eight inches from the snout to the insertion of the tail. The seamen ate the flesh without experiencing any of those baneful effects which old navigators attribute to it, and which are stated to have made three of Barents's people "so sick that we expected they would have died, and their skins peeled off from head to foot." Bruin was very fat, and having procured a tub of blubber from the carcass, it was thrown overboard, and the small seal attracted a couple of walrus, the first that had been yet seen.

The easiest and safest mode of hunting the Polar Bear is with dogs. The dogs with which these hunts are carried on should be very carefully trained to play their part. This part is not to attack the bear, but to hinder and impede his flight. While one of these dogs occupies his attention in front, another salutes his hind legs with a vigorous bite. This keeps the animal oscillating between several distinct parties of foes; and while he is battling with one and the other, the hunters come up. In the first instance, as soon as the bear sees the approach of the dogs and men, he rises on his haunches, carefully inspects his foes for a moment, and then takes to his heels. As the hunter approaches him, if he is riding on his sledge, he loosens the trace of the two foremost dogs, which releases them from their burden, and enables them to attack the bear. Soon after, the rest of the dogs are liberated in the same way. When there are two hunters, bruin is soon and easily dispatched. They surround him, and while one of them pretends to stab him with a spear on the right side, and thus engages the bear in his defense in that direction, the death-wound is inflicted on the left by the same weapon. If there be but one hunter, the task is neither so easy nor so safe. The hunter grasps his lance firmly in his hands, and provokes the bear to pursue him by running across his path, and then pretending to flee. When the bear has begun the chase, the hunter suddenly doubles on his track by a dexterous leap; and while the bear is in the act of turning around, he is stabbed with the spear in his left side below the shoulder. If this stab be skillfully executed, the bear is at once disabled and soon expires. If it is not, the hunter has then to run for his life, after leaving his spear sticking in the side of his victim. If the bear gets the hunter in his grasp, he seizes him with his claws and squeezes, which are much more vigorous than a grapple. He sometimes also uses his teeth. Dr. Kane saw some Esquimaux hunters who had been bitten behind in the calves of the legs; and another who had received a similar salute somewhat higher up.

The senses of hearing and seeing appear very dull in the Polar Bear, but his smell is very acute; and he does not appear destitute of some degree of understanding, or at least of cunning. Captain King, who visited the shores of the Arctic Ocean in 1825, relates a curious instance of the cunning of this animal. "On one occasion a Polar Bear was seen to swim cautiously to a large piece of ice, on which two female walrus were lying asleep with their cubs. The bear crept up some hummocks behind them, and with his fore feet loosened a large block of ice, which, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried till it was immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which he immediately killed. The other walrus, with her cubs, rolled into the water, but the young one of the murdered female remained by its dam, and on this helpless creature the bear rushed, thus killing two animals at once."

The ferocity of this kind of bear is equal to its cunning. A few years since, the crew of a boat belonging to a ship in the whale-fishery, shot at a bear at a short distance, and wounded it. The animal immediately set up the most dreadful yells, and ran along the ice toward the boat. Before it reached it, a second shot was fired, and hit it. This served to increase its fury. It presently swam to the boat, and in attempting to get on board, reached its fore-foot upon the gunwale; but one of the crew having a hatch-

et, cut it off. The animal still, however, continued to swim after them till they arrived at the ship; but on reaching the ship, it immediately ascended the deck; and the crew having fled into the shrouds, it was pursuing them thither when a shot from one of the men laid it dead on the deck.

From its great size and strength, the Polar Bear is, under all circumstances, a powerful animal; but upon the ice it is peculiarly at home, and the danger of attacking him there is much greater than anywhere else. The following anecdote, recorded in his "Narrative of a Voyage to Greenland," by Scoresby, whose writings have thrown so much valuable light upon the economy of the Polar seas, will afford some idea of the conduct of the bear on the ice.

"In the summer of 1820, the ship, a Hull whaler, was moored to a piece of ice on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of rum, which, in his economy, he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he, resolutely and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a yielding surface of snow and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by evaporation of the stimulus, and partly by the undimmed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he leveled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his attitude too imposing. In vain, also, he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy, either not understanding, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates had its influence, and he yet scarcely yielded to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being regardless of consequences, began with audacious boldness to advance. His high approach and unshaken step, subdued the last spark of bravery, and that dread of ridicule, which had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The flight of the sailor encouraged the bear, in turn, to pursue, and, being better practiced in snow-traveling, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only weapon of defense, incumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down and kept on. This, fortunately, excited the bear's attention. He stopped, paved it, bit it, and then renewed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favorable effects of the lance, dropped one of his mittens. The stratagem succeeded; and while Bruin stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, again made considerable progress ahead. Still the bear resumed the pursuit with a most provoking perseverance, except when arrested by another mitten; and finally, by a bat, which he tore to shreds between his fore-teeth and paws, and would, no doubt, soon have made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was now rapidly losing strength, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The phalanx opened him a passage, and then stood to receive his bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, until he fairly reached the shelter of his ship. The bear once more came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced General, when, finding them too numerous for a hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honorable retreat."

Whether the bear would, in this case, have fled from the sailor, if the latter had at once gone boldly in with his weapon, instead of pausing in fear and brandishing it, is not known. And there are no doubt instances in which the bear does attack a man, though the grand object of attraction for him is carrion and offal. It is the flesh of the seal, the odor of which becomes very rank, which allures him to the huts of the northern people, just as it is the ladder, and not the pole, which attracts the black bear of America to the habitations of the back settlers; and the instances in which he attacks the people or their domestic animals are few, and confined to those times at which his proper food fails.

From the nature of their food, the flesh of the polar bear is more rank and fishy, and less agreeable to the taste, than that of the land bears, though, with the exception of the liver, which has been found to be poisonous, all the parts of the animal are wholesome. The muscle is whitish, and soft and tender, considering the strength of the animal. The fat resembles tallow, and melts into a transparent oil, which has no offensive smell. The skin is very serviceable, as well as handsome, for a variety of domestic purposes, and, to the northern people, it is an article of considerable value. The Greenlanders pull it off entire, and invert it like a sack, into which a person creeps and finds a warm and comfortable bed. The natives about Hudson's Bay dress it to a very pliable consistency. They stretch it on a patch of snow, and stake it down till it is stiffly frozen, then they scrape it till they see the roots of the hair, after which they leave it some time to bleach and dry, and it soon becomes perfectly clean, beautifully white, and very flexible.

The domestic manners of these powerful animals are not much known. The pairing season is understood to be in July and August, and such is the attachment of the pair, that if one is killed the other remains fondling the dead body, and will suffer itself to be killed rather than leave it. The females retire to their hybernation about Christmas, sooner or later, according to the season. These are often excavated in the snow, and the animals remain dormant in them till about the 1st of April, when they come abroad with their cubs, two in number, which are then about the size of rabbits. She is exceedingly attached to them, and nothing but death itself can put an end to her attentions. When they are mortally wounded, she will fondle them, turn them over, lick them, offer them food, and pay even more tender attention than many human beings; and when she finds that all her efforts are unavailing, she moans most piteously.

Many other instances might be quoted, illustrative of the character of these singular animals—animals which are, perhaps, more characteristic of those dismal regions to which they are confined, than the animals of almost any other region. They dwell, as it were, upon the very verge of the living world, being found as far to the north as the restless foot of human discovery has penetrated; and they are, perhaps, the only animals, not decidedly and habitually inhabitants of the sea, which are found in every longitude, and are in all longitudes exactly the same. We can not say positively that they range across the pole of the earth's rotation, and pass from Asia to America, and from America to Asia, by that route, because there is a zone round the pole of which we have no knowledge. But as the observations of the recent voyagers for discovery in the Arctic regions, corroborated by some other circumstances, lead us to conclude that the latitude of the magnetic pole (or poles) has the maximum of cold, and that the climate of the pole of rotation is not so severe, we may therefore suppose, without any violent straining of theory, that, in the perpetual day which reigns there for a longer period than in the limits of their habitation southward, the polar bears range over the whole polar zone, till those confines where the sea is too clear of ice for their habits; and that they are thus the only animals which have the command of all the meridians on the globe.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets, illustrating cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address: 55-ly. DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES

And Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discoloration from the skin. For Pimples, Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. 64-ly.

Recipes! Recipes!

A RECIPE for any thing you want. Send 15 cents and we will send you any recipe you want or money returned. Address: J. F. REUTER, 72-4t. 2,213 Third Ave., New York City.

100 PHOTOGRAPHS of the Prettiest Women in America, sent by mail for 25c. CENTRAL Book Co., Garrettsville, Ohio. 72-4t.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our most wonderful invention. Address: M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. 54 25t.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$360,000 in Gold drawn every 17 days. Prizes cashed and information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y. 67-ly.

"The American Piano,"

MANUFACTURED BY DOANE, WING & CUSHING, 423 Broome Street, New York.

The BEST Pianos manufactured in the country, because of their immense power, sweetness, brilliancy and perfect equality of tone, elasticity of touch and great durability.

All of these Pianos have full iron-frame overstrung base, fret desk, carved pedal, solid rosewood mouldings, ivory key fronts, patent, agraffe trebles, and are full size, having seven and one-third octaves. While the manufacturers have thus spared no expense to produce a really first-class article, they have at the same time furnished an instrument at a comparatively moderate price. It is unfortunate that so many buyers of pianos are either so situated that they have not a chance to test the instrument personally before purchasing, or else having this privilege they are incapable of forming a correct judgment themselves or obliged to trust the purchase to a third party who will probably select an instrument from those who will allow him the largest commission. We have here an instrument of moderate price, comparatively, and still one unrivaled in excellence. For fineness of tone, clearness and power, they have few, if any, equals, and they are, in every way, deserving their high and constantly increasing reputation.

"THE AMERICAN PIANO" also combines the much sought *string quality* of tone with unrivaled purity and power. They are models of perfection in design, and are finished in the best manner known to the trade. Parties wishing to obtain a perfect instrument should try

"THE AMERICAN PIANO," DOANE, WING & CUSHING, 423 Broome St., New York.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN REMEDIES.

Use these only, and save time, health and money. \$1.00 REWARD for any case of disease in any stage which they fail to cure.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN BALM, No. 1, cures Ulcers, Blisters, Stomach Throat and Mouth, Sore Eyes, Cutaneous Eruptions, Copper-Colored Blotches, Soreness of the Scalp, Scrofula, etc.; it is the Greatest Renovator, Alterative and Blood Purifier known, removes all mercury from the system, and leaves the blood pure and healthy.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN BALM, No. 2, cures Mercurial Affections, Rheumatism in all its forms, and gives immediate relief in all cases.

Price of either No. 1 or 2, \$5 per bottle, or two for \$9.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN ANTIDOTE, a radical cure for all Urinary Derangements. Price, \$3 per bottle.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN ELIXIR D'AMOUR, a radical cure for Nervous or General Debility, in old or young; imparting energy with wonderful effect.

Price, \$5 per bottle, or two for \$9.

On receipt of price these remedies will be shipped to any place. Prompt attention paid to all correspondents. None genuine without the name of DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN REMEDIES, DR. D. B. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor, blown in glass of bottles.

Send money by Express, or order goods through your Druggist. Address: 55-9m. DR. D. B. RICHARDS, 238 Varick St., N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

BASE-BALL PLAYER for 1871. New Rules and Averages, Club Records, etc. By Henry Chadwick, Esq.

Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, ten cents each.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 85 William Street, N. Y.

ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

BY DAVID PAULDING.

Ku-Klux be damned! You may tell 'em I say so; I fit through the war and I ought to know; I wore a gray jacket and got licked; yet, I don't bear a grudge 'gainst the Yanks, you bet! They bust State rights in a manner fearful to see, and likewise put their kibosh on nigger slavery.

In course their thieves prowled around at night. But then you'll find that black as well as white. Ku-Klux! them's the chaps that didn't dar' fight. You Yanks! Bet yer bottom dollar this coon's right. I got licked on my merits, and thought I'd subside. And let State Rights, slavery, and such like things slide.

You fellows licked us on ther squal, and I kept ther situation. I'm in ther Union now; ticked into it, by tarnation! Et ther's any arny-backs don't like this place. Let 'em emigrate. Jeff kin preach hisse' black in ther face.

'Bout State Rights, Secession, Union as was and such stuff. But I own up I'm licked, and say that I've got enough.

It's all very nice stumping ther country to raise a row. But I'm looking for quiet; I want a little peace now. You her murders in New York wuss'n any I ever saw. But, don't yer cry Ku-Klux and proclaim martial law.

Give us a show ter live on ther squal, and prosper again; We are all in the Union now; and ther ar' is plain.

Joel Canby's Hate.

A STORY OF "OLD KAINTEUCK."

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Do not work so late to-day as you did yesterday, dear husband," said pretty Ellen Seymour, as her young lord kissed the occupant of the rough oaken cradle, and shouldered his keen woodman's ax. "We have plenty of land cleared now to keep us from starving, and there is no necessity for your toiling so late. Why, Edgar, the moon scaled the horizon before you returned yesterday eve, and I thought that you were never returning—ah—that—"

"That what, Ellen?"

"That you had encountered Joel Canby," faltered the wife of a year, the color deserting her cheeks, and a nameless terror striking her heart, as she glanced fearfully toward the cradle.

"Joel Canby?" echoed the settler. "Why, Ellen, I do not believe the stories of his being about. Jake Hunter avers that he saw him with the red-skins in the 'Devil's Den'; but it happened that Jake Hunter is a notorious liar. Dispel your fears, wife. Admitting that Joel Canby is a renegade and scouts these parts, he is too big a coward to molest us. But look, Ellen, the sun is climbing the hills of this, the 'dark and bloody ground,' and warns me to hie to the clearing. Good-by, then. Do not believe Joel Canby around until you see him."

The young wife promised obedience, and again warned her husband to return early.

Ellen Seymour knew Joel Canby better than her husband knew him. She knew him as one of the most relentless of men, who magnified fancied injuries and insults a thousand times, and avenged himself accordingly. Once, before she thought of leaving relatives and friends for the dark forests of the Kaintuck, he asked her for a love which was not hers for bestowal.

She very maidenly and promptly rejected his suit, and with close-set teeth and a cloudy brow, he walked from her presence, never uttering a word.

He was meditating a terrible vengeance. In the course of time, Ellen Ridgely became the wife of Edgar Seymour, and removed with him, and such men as Harold, Kenton and Boone, to the "dark and bloody ground."

At the period of the opening of our story, the Indians were at peace with their whiter brethren; but there was no prophesying how soon the hatchet would be unearthed, and cleave innocent heads.

When the young frontiersman's wife witnessed his departure, she busied herself with household duties, ever and anon glancing at the image of his father, dreaming, in the hewn cradle, of angel land.

An hour later, needing water, Mrs. Seymour hurried to the spring, at the opposite foot of a wooded knoll, a short distance from the cabin.

Just as the little woman disappeared to the rough structure, two stalwart Indians sprung over a brush fence near the stoop, and darted into the hut.

The foremost brave stooped over the cradle, snatched the sleeping infant, thrust it beneath his robe, and both disappeared like a flash of light.

The abduction was performed while Mrs. Seymour tarried at the spring, bathing her face in the translucent liquid, and thinking not of danger to her boy at such an hour.

While she knew that Joel Canby would not hesitate to tear him from her bosom, she did not dream that the dastardly deed would be attempted in the unclouded splendor of the king of the skies.

Therefore, all unconscious of her loss was she when she filled her bucket and set out upon her return.

Depositing her burden upon a bench, the wife and mother hastened to the cradle, believing it time for its occupant to start from his slumbers.

"Robbie, dear little—" a terrible shriek followed the abrupt pause, and Ellen Seymour stared, with widely distended eyes, into an empty crib.

Meanwhile, the red abductors were making away with Edgar Seymour's heir, every now and then exchanging satisfactory looks, and uttering self-congratulations of triumph.

One of the scarlet fiends spoke English to perfection, while his companion used the language of the Shawnee tribe.

On, on went the twain through the pathless wood; but with a beautiful avenger on their guilty trail. The tallest red-skin still hugged the little child to his brawny breast, and stifled its faint cries beneath his robe.

All at once a terrible cry smote the ears of the babe-stealers, and before they could raise their heads to perceive its cause, a huge panther—the blood-thirsty monarch of the woods—sprung from a limb upon the nearest Indian, which happened to be the one speaking unbroken English.

One blow of the herculean paw tore open the savage's throat, and the life-blood gushed from the vital jugulars in a quenchless torrent. The dying red-man struggled against fate. He plunged his knife into the panther's breast, as his companion, with his tomahawk, brained the infuriated animal.

As the vanquished monarch of the forest sunk back in the throes of death, the unarmed savage bent over the dying, and

tried in vain to staunch the red current of vitality.

"I'm a goner, Nemotho," said the mangled one, looking up into the face of the Indian above him. "The panther's finished me. Take the whelp that nestles near your heart, Nemotho, and train him up into the white man's terror. Teach him to hate his parents as I hate them, and—and—Nemotho, this is death!"

"Nemotho will do the Red Eagle's bidding," muttered the savage, rising to his feet. "The pale-face's papoose shall raise his hand against every white man. He shall become the Whirlwind of the Shawnees."

He hugged the babe nearer his bosom, and was in the act of darting forward, when the snapping of a twig saluted his ears, trained to hear the slightest sounds.

He turned and beheld a gliding, girlish form.

One of the dimpled hands clutched a rifle, the other was tightly clenched, and determination was written upon every lineament of the lovely face.

Instantly comprehending the situation, Nemotho stepped back to secure his dead brother's rifle, which the panther had knocked from his grasp.

The avenging mother noted his move, her husband's trusty rifle flew to her shoulder, and the hurried aim, which would have done credit to the king of marksmen, sent a bullet into the Shawnee's brain.

"My child! my child!" cried Mrs. Seymour, hurrying forward, "where is my boy?"

She stood near the prostrate men, and a look of blank despair filled across her countenance.

"Robbie is not here!" she groaned.

Not there? Not so.

A muffled cry struck upon the mother's ears. She tore the robe from the Indian, and clasped Robbie to her heart, frightened but unhurt.

Suddenly she glanced at the panther's victim, and the peculiar cast of the features claimed her attention.

She ventured to bend over them, and, despite the paint and Indian habiliments, she recognized Joel Canby.

"Joel Canby, you carried your hate too far," she murmured. "The vengeance of God has checked you in your sinful career. I thank Him that your blood stains not my hands."

Overjoyed in the possession of her child,



Ellen Seymour retraced her steps, and related to her husband the scarcely credible story of her bravery. And he thanked God that, in his spare moments, he had taught his wife to use the rifle.

At night Edgar Seymour buried the Indian and renegade side by side, and the Shawnee nation never knew of their tragic end.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Bill Grady's Friend.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"A white renegade ar' the pizenest mean thing on top uv ground," said Bill Grady, "but I ar' bound ter say thet one uv 'em once done me a clever turn, an', dang me, but somehow or other, I've allus thought better uv ther breed sense."

We had captured one of these gentry that morning, and he was then tied to a tree on the outskirts of the camp, awaiting the return of old John to decide what should be done with him.

Of course his sentence would be death, but still we did not care to execute it until the proper authority had arrived.

The captain, old Rube and Bill Grady had left us that morning to scout round an Indian village for certain information. Grady had just got in, having become separated from the others, and hearing of the capture made during his absence, gave us the benefit of the above remark.

"What kind uv a turn did ther cuss do yur, Billy?" asked one of the boys.

"Why, he jess saved my ha'r, thet's what he did," was the emphatic reply. "An' I durn me fur a skunk, ef ever I comes arter ther chap, ef I don't get even w' him, too."

"I'll tell yur, boys, how it war."

"Me an' old Grizzly war down in the Wind River kentry, an' one day we got superated while a lot uv red-skins war arter us."

"Thinkin' I hed broke ther trail, I laid up in a holler in ther rocks, an' while in thar, the imps drapped onto me, an' took me prishner."

"I felt powerful mean over the thing, fur it war'n' nuthin' but cussed kerlessness; but thar war'n' no helpin' matters, an' so I trooled along es gentle es a suckin' goat."

"They took me over to ther village across the range, an' thet night they held a pow-wow es to whether I shed burn right straight

away, or shed hev ther chance uv the gantlet."

I hed been mighty severe onto this very tribe, an' they knowed it, so, yur see, they all dumped the club, an' I war to burn next mornin'."

"At daybreak they hauled me out, an' had a big to-do in ther village over me, an' then I war drug off to the edge uv the timber an' sot up ag'in a saplin' to roast."

"It hain't no joke, boys, this here thing uv hev'n' a lot uv the imps burnin' uv yur, an' I tell yur I kep' up a powerful lookin' aroun' to see ef old Grizzly war'n' in ther neighborhood."

While they war a-cavortin' an' 'tarin' aroun', an' pilein' up ther dry timber aroun' my legs, I see a feller standin' in the crowd as kep' makin' sign to me with his hands an' eyes, an' purty soon I discovered he war one uv them white runnegades."

"Well, this here chap he kep' movin' his way up close to whar I war, an' then he sot to work bizzin' hisself about fixin' ther sticks an' splinters thet war 'round whar I stood."

"He got his chance, by-m-by, while 'others war arter more stuff, an' he whis-pers."

"I've cut ther ropes on 'other side uv ther tree, an' when they lites ther fire, yur give a bu'stin' big jerk an' lite out."

"I didn't hardly b'lieve the cuss, but I determined to try it."

"Purty soon they stuck in ther chunk uv fire, an' then they all draw'd back a bit into the clarin' to watch ther fun."

"Jess at thet very minit I heard old Grizzly's signal in the timber, an' wif thet I fetched a jerk, an' durn me ef ther ropes didn't part like a rotten ha'r lariat, an' afore the imps know'd what war up, I war off."

"I found old Grizzly, an' I tell yur, we led them red-skins a purty lively chase. Sum uv 'em, five I b'lieve, didn't go back to ther village. They must a' got tired a-run-nin' an' laid down in ther timber an' fergot ter wake up ag'in."

"Now I leaves it to yur, boys, ef thet war'n' done jess right."

That night the captain and Rube came in. The case was submitted, and the renegade sentenced to be shot at daylight.

At that time next morning, the wretched captive was led out on the prairie to where a large live oak stood, to which he was securely tied that he might receive the punishment due his crime, the very worst of all in the eyes of a border-man.



The party who had been detailed as executioners were drawn up a few paces off, and nothing remained to be done save to give the word that would end his wicked career on this earth, at least.

Something had detained the captain a moment or two in camp, but he was now seen slowly approaching, accompanied by Rube and Bill Grady.

"Is every thing in readiness?" he inquired, as he came up.

"Being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the firing file.

"Ready!"

"Hold on! by ther living God, thet man shan't die!" suddenly shouted a strong, clear voice, and Bill Grady leaped forward in front of the executioners and stood facing them with outstretched arms.

Of course old John was furious for a moment, and was on the point of giving the word that would have involved the daring ranger in the renegade's destruction, but a few words whispered in his ear caused him to hesitate, and then Grady was allowed to again tell the story he had related the night before.

The captive was the man who had cut the ropes which everybody don't care for green corn, all of us have roasting ears.

The only satisfactory thing about the extreme heat is that our enemies are suffering the same torments. Indeed, this is the only thing that keeps most of us alive.

Go where you will, you will no where meet with a cool reception.

The very faces of the tobaccoists' wooden Indians profusely perspire.

The prevailing motto is, "Perspire or expire."

Every thing is a "pire."

A little nigger went to sleep against the south side of a house in the sun, and was instantly converted into a chunk of lamp-black.

It's red hot, and it really seems as if we had died and got there on a swift pass.

Although everybody don't care for green corn, all of us have roasting ears.

The only satisfactory thing about the extreme heat is that our enemies are suffering the same torments. Indeed, this is the only thing that keeps most of us alive.

Go where you will, you will no where meet with a cool reception.

The very faces of the tobaccoists' wooden Indians profusely perspire.

The prevailing motto is, "Perspire or expire."

Every thing is a "pire."

A little nigger went to sleep against the south side of a house in the sun, and was instantly converted into a chunk of lamp-black.

My very indignation is boiling.

The ink with which I am writing frequently boils over, although I have it sitting in a pan of ice water.

If you go fishing, you will catch nothing but boiled fish.

I have even got a boil on the back of my neck.

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness. But I am afraid I will have to owe for such a lodge a long time.

Shades of Greenland! Thrice happy Esquimaux, dwellers in that fur-reign clime, send a few cold words down here.

Woolen cloths are going off at an unimaginable rate, faster than ever they went off in the winter.

It is so very hot that the most modest clothes-lines refuse downright to have any clothes put on them.

Oh, for a bad cold!

Blessed are they that have water on the brain.

Everything is on the thaw, and there is no such thing as a frozen heart.

If I had hold of the crank of this terrestrial sphere, I'll bet you the last cent, which is burning my very fingers at the present moment, that I would give it a perceptible turn back into winter again.

How strange and inconsistent does the idea seem that on these very hot and blistering streets reposed the beautiful cold snow; that around these breathless corners the north wind blew cold and keen, while we were clustering around these fireless grates, into which we would fain put a cake of ice, and sit close to now—wishing and praying—oh, how foolishly—for just such warm weather as we are having now. Oh, Sodom and Gomorrah, what a happy lot was yours when he got out of your burning and felt the cool mountain air on his brow! How many pillars of salt could one not bear to enjoy the blessed relief from fire, with or without the seasoning of brimstone and petroleum?

I can not bear to even read the glowing passages in my most favorite poets. I couldn't stand it.

Everybody earns his bread now by the sweat of his brow, whether he did before or not.

Warm love I have come actually to despise, although one has a natural warming toward everybody.

Oh, for a hole in the center of some vast ice-house, with a thousand tons of ice over and around me! It is impossible for me to



keep cool in regard to any thing. If I was to have a fight now with anybody because he kicked my dog, or for any other insult, my eyes would flash fire; I would consume him in a blessed minute—it would certainly be the hottest fight ever recorded in the annals of battles earthly.

If I could find a shady nook along the sea, I would deposit myself in it forthwith, with nothing but my nose out—there swam-like let me live and die.

Warmth of warmth and hot of hotness! If I go into the house and shut it up to keep the heat out, I smother to death, and if I open it to let the cold in, to death I smother, and all is vanity, saith the preacher, and he was two-thirds more than half right.

The fieriest dart I can imagine is to dart across the street.

The leaves are all burned to a crisp; even my very shoemaker is crispin'.

I prefer my coffee cold, and I wouldn't give a cent for hot dinners now.

Butter is running now, and is so much reduced that it only runs half a pound to the pound. Grocers complain that everybody is letting ther accounts run.

It is too warm to sleep and it is too warm to keep awake; so what has a poor fellow got to do? I wish I was a chunk of undis-solved ice, or a cool cucumber.

It is dangerous to saunter out without a couple of refrigerators in your hat, in the shape of cool bricks, and an umbrella.

A dozen of eggs is only ten, and a dollar bill but eighty cents, on account of general shrinkage.

The sun has perforated all the street-lawnings, and all my friends are so tanned they don't know me.

It is too hot to keep overcoats in the house, so I have removed mine to the cellar, and the only happy people I have met are those who have the ague.

WRITERS for public journals are requested to allow their writing to approach as near to the original Greek as possible, for when it is a medium between that and no writing at all, it is considered a lost language, and compositors haven't got far enough along to make it out. Be careful what kind of communications you send to the editor, for evil communications corrupt good manners, even those of the editor sometimes. Write only on one side of the paper, and if you don't know what you are writing about don't write on any side of it.

What the public wants is a few more rhymes on partings and broken hearts, as they are scarce. Charge the editor full price if he rejects your article.

BEAT TIME.

Short Stories from History.

The Shawnees' Victim.—Years ago, when the fierce Shawnees occupied the country which is now Southern and Central Ohio, they were obliged to remove one of their villages. In this movement they captured a Muscogee (Muskolgoe) warrior, by the name of Old Scrammy. They bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal without showing any concern; his countenance and behavior gave no indication of the pain he suffered. He told his persecutors, with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he had gained the most of his martial reputation at the expense of their nation; and was so desirous of showing them, in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior, as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them, that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the protection of the Divine Power, by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicable ignorant crowd possibly could; and that he would do so, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and handing him one of the red-hot barrels out of the fire. The proposal and his method of address appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then, suddenly seizing the red-hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he found his way through the armed and astonished multitude; leaped down a prodigiously steep and high bank into the river; dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch amid a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country.

Generous Foes.—"We Englishmen" are not so chivalrous nowadays as in the past, if we are to believe this incident:

When the celebrated dramatist, Cumberland, was once on a voyage to Lisbon in the *Millford*, she engaged and captured a French frigate; on which occasion he wrote the well-known song,

"'Twas up the wind three leagues and more," etc.

The sailors were delighted with the song; but such was the honorable respect which they had for a brave enemy, that nothing could induce them to sing it aloud as long as their prisoners were on board.

When, quite recently, the French were quartered in German towns, they made themselves exceedingly offensive by chanting their martial airs before their conquerors, who, however, were so well ordered and so chivalrous that they did not taunt their prisoners. The French showed themselves to be every thing else than a "polite" people during the Franco-German war.

The Influence of Bad Example.—"That the boy is father to the man," is evident from many examples. At the height of the revolutionary mania in France, there was one spectacle which, if it did not exceed all the other spectacles of that era of horror in atrocity, exceeded them all in singularity. It has not, we believe, obtained a place in history, but it is due to the history of human nature, that it should be rescued from among the mass of useless fragments that are hurrying down the stream of time. Troops of boys were to be seen in different parts, in regular martial array; they were armed, some with small firelocks, and others with pistols and swords; they were divided, after the manner of their seniors, into opposite parties, whose bone of contention was "sedom anything more than the ordinary school one, "Which is the stronger?" They had a great many skirmishes, fought several pitched battles, and a few of them were dangerously wounded. The mimic strife would, however, have been incomplete without one more exalted characteristic. They paraded the streets, bearing the heads of cats, etc., upon long poles; and to such a pitch did they carry their emulation of the transactions of the great world around them, that they actually hung up one of their companions, who was accused of stealing fruit from a woman of the *Halle au Blé*. He was cut down by some passengers in time to save his life. The Committee of Police published an ordinance on the subject, directed to the fathers of families; but the sanguinary mania of the boys did not entirely abate, till the fathers themselves returned to reason and to moderation.

Love of Country.—"Alas! poor Poland!" has been the exclamation of almost every reader of history. A people so noble deserved to live. It does live in the immortality of history, but, as a nation, the Poles have passed from the face of the earth.

In the dreadful struggle to save their crown, the Poles spared no sacrifice. At the time that the treasury of Poland was exhausted, the city of Warsaw drained of its last ducat, the provinces laid waste, and every means of raising a supply seemed impracticable, the council, hopeless of devising any expedient for even a temporary succor, met in his majesty's cabinet, to consult about obtaining resources. The debate was as desponding as their situation, until Thaddeus Sobieski, who had hitherto been a silent observer, rose from his seat. He advanced towards Stanislaus, and taking from his neck, and other parts of his person, those magnificent jewels which it was customary to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said, in a suppressed voice, "These are trifles, but such as they are, and all of the like kind which I possess, I beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service."

"Noble young man!" cried the king, raising him from the ground, "you have indeed taught me a lesson; I accept these jewels with gratitude. Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund, and let them be followed by my own, with my plate, which, I desire, may be instantly sent to the mint. One-half of it the army shall have, the other we must expend in giving some little support to the surviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defense."

The palatine readily united with his grandson, in the surrender of all their personal property, for the benefit of their country; and, according to their example, the treasury was soon filled with gratuities from the nobles, which enabled the army to march out, newly equipped, and in high spirits.